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LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

WILLIAM BEWICK.

VOL. I.

I. Macartan, pinx. *J. Brown, sculp.*

William Bewick.

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

WILLIAM BEWICK

(ARTIST).

EDITED BY

THOMAS LANDSEER, A.R.A.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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INTRODUCTION.

THESE records of the artistic life of William Bewick* consist, with very little exception, of autobiographic and literary sketches by himself, and of his correspondence with distinguished artists and intimate friends. He had the happiness to be on terms of friendly intimacy with many renowned artists and literary men during the first half of the present century; and his remains contain a rich store of anecdote

* William Bewick was born at Darlington, October 20, 1795—a fact which, so far as the date is concerned, he has forgotten to mention in the autobiographic sketches with which this work commences.

respecting a number of the most illustrious authors and painters of that brilliant period. Enjoying the friendship of Hazlitt, Haydon, Shelley, Keats, and others—entertained by Scott, Hogg, Jeffrey, Maturin, and many of the most distinguished novelists, poets, and essayists of his time—he had the best opportunities of collecting incidents in illustration of the career of men of whom we can never know too much. In his early life he was the pupil of Haydon, and was employed afterwards to execute some very important commissions by Sir Thomas Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy. He lived on intimate terms with Wilkie, the Landseers, and Gibson, the sculptor, whose friendship he enjoyed in Rome, and who, in testimony of his esteem, executed a very beautiful bust of him.

These records, though pretty full with respect to some periods of his life, still leave gaps which it would have been desirable, if possible,

to fill up, but unfortunately the materials are not extant. We trust, however, that, imperfect as in some respects they doubtless are, these memorials will be found to contain a fair portrait of one who occupied a good position as an artist, and was highly esteemed as a man by his friends of all ranks and professions.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

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CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS — DARLINGTON — SIXTY YEARS AGO — SCHOOL LIFE — THE BOY ARTIST — AUNT SARAH — BARNARD CASTLE — ITINERANT ARTISTS — GEORGE MARKS — THE 'EXAMINER' NEWSPAPER — HAYDON — THE ELGIN MARBLES — LEAVING HOME.

I WAS the third son of a family of seven boys and five girls. My father, William Bewick, married Jane Roantree, a native of Harworth-upon-Tees, and a descendant of linen manufacturers of that place. He was by trade an upholsterer, a plain, industrious man of business, strict and methodical in everything, and averse from all innovations to the routine of his household. My mother, half-Quakeress, and unsophisticated as she was beautiful, was more of an

ambitious character, and not seldom found herself in something like a defensive argument with my father as to the capabilities and future prospects of her sons. Her ambitions were all virtuous, and her whole life, thoughts, and anticipations were wrapped up in the welfare of her numerous and innocent family. When a little girl, and very beautiful, she was a great favourite of the blunt and uncouth mathematician, Emerson, who used to amuse her by playing a curious kind of music upon an instrument of his own invention, described as something like a mandolin, formed of a small hollow wooden barrel, with a handle and three strings; and he used to sit at the end of his long, passage-like study by the fire, his legs covered with leather leggings to prevent their being burnt.

In due time I was sent, in company with an elder brother, to a respectable school kept by a Quaker, in which girls and boys studied together. Here I learnt to read and write, and here I fagged through arithmetic as far as 'vulgar fractions,' which, with the rules of grammar, were my utter abomination. There

were two or three boys who had half days in the week allowed for drawing, and, charmed with this exceptional and delightful accomplishment, I cried to my mother to allow me to join the favoured boys. She seemed pleased to consent; I obtained a drawing-book and pencils, and began the outline of a gabled barn of the simplest construction and the fewest lines. My shrewd schoolmaster smiled at my first attempt, and in expressing his encouragement put my modesty to the blush by saying that I should become a famous artist. These drawing-days greatly increased the pleasure of my school-days, the love of pictures and prints became a passion with me, and I never lost an opportunity of gaping in at the print-shop windows, or wherever a drawing or engraving was to be seen. The little work-a-day country-town in the north of England, where my parents lived, contained little or nothing of art; nor was there any taste for art among the inhabitants, it being what may be termed a 'Quaker town;' for here a great many 'broad-brims' had taken up their abode. The love of making and accumulating money was their ruling passion, and every

elegant accomplishment was suppressed with studied perseverance. The God Mammon flapped his drab-coloured wings over the little town, and the drama closed its scenic arena. Sock and buskin were contemptuously huddled beyond the precincts, and sent out of the place, as though it were criminal to represent on the stage the follies, the passions, the virtues, and the vices of mankind. The 'divine' Shakespeare's works were banished from the Public Library, and the 'novels of Sir Walter Scott,' subsequently shared the same fate. Dancing was to be decidedly discountenanced, as bringing young people together for no good. Poetry was described as a false jingle of words, wherein truth and sense were often perverted for the sake of the rhyme. Music was pronounced a great waste of valuable time, in which useful knowledge might be acquired instead; indulgence in the fine arts, time and talents spent with no profitable result. He only was said to be 'getting on in the world,' who was increasing his property; the term gain not being applied to knowledge, virtue, or happiness, but reserved solely to

describe pecuniary acquisition, synonymous in short with gold, as if nothing but gold were gain. The man whose gains were known to be rapidly increasing, was not only spoken of by the multitude under their breath with veneration, but, as if he more nearly approached creative power than any other human being, he was said to be *making money;* and when that was said, eulogy was exhausted, and he was considered to be crowned with all praise. To live in my native town was to live in the very Temple of Mammon; and it was impossible to see the God worshipped daily, to stand in his presence, and behold the reverence he inspired, without catching the contagion of awe. The worship of the beautiful and good found no place there, for 'from the least of them even to the greatest nearly every one was given to covetousness.'

It may easily be imagined what an epoch in my childhood was a visit to a relative of my father's, known in the family as Aunt Sarah, who resided near Barnard Castle. Boy as I was, her delicate features, her slender figure, and pensive expression, struck my imagination.

When she held me close in her loving embrace, and kept my little hand in hers, which trembled with emotion, while her beautiful eyes were dim with tears, I felt that I was in the arms of one of strong sensibility and ardent affection; and as she arranged the dark curls that clustered round my face, and presented me to her numerous friends, I forgot everything in admiration of her sweet smile and lovely face. I remember thinking that her features and complexion were more like 'wax-work' than anything I had seen before. My remembrance of her is still vivid,—gentle, serene, pensive, and graceful in all her motions. With a romantic and chivalrous turn of mind, she had the appearance and bearing of a highly poetic character. And, certainly, she was unlike any one I have ever seen; for, with her enthusiasm for historical and traditional narrative, she combined a gentle, loving spirit; and her heroism, her admiration of deeds of daring in a virtuous or generous cause of honour, of loyal fidelity, did not interfere with the most tender domestic affections. As memory carries me back to those days of my youth, I see her

plucking wild flowers for me in the romantic woods that surround this once famed and stately castle; or, exploring with me the extensive ruins, pointing out tower, and keep, and pinnacle, or dungeon deep, subterraneous caverns, secret passages that were supposed to communicate for miles underground with Raby, Athelston, or Rokeby: thus affording means of escape, or conference with friendly allies in times of trouble or danger. She would point to Baliol's and Brackenbury's Towers, mysteriously hinting at the prisons and cruelty of former times, my lady's chamber, and the Duke of Gloucester's state apartments, with his arms carved in the bay window, still to be seen. What a picture of sorrow she seemed when dropping a tear upon the bloody arrow found in the *débris* of the ruins, or hanging with a sigh over the stone coffins dug out of the Castle Garth! With what true archæological feeling she would endeavour to clear away the rust from some old coin, and to decipher names and dates! Every little object and circumstance connected with '*the Castle*' became in her eyes sanctified. And the ruins

of Barnard Castle, its woods, its water, its picturesque beauty from every point of view, its history, the romance of its many legends, and its connexion with great historic names, made it the homestead of her existence. She might be said, indeed, to live only in the barbaric ages of feudal despotism, her mind being so much engrossed with the past, that she hardly seemed cognizant of the present. As we roamed the woods, or followed the fisher's path by the 'rugged Tees,' or midst the ruinous walls of the Castle, my aunt would recount its fitful history, beguiling my young imagination with dreams of the past. She went as far back as 1300, when the Beauchamps, the Nevilles, and the Plantagenets held the place; then the Duke of Gloucester (Richard III.), who obtained undivided possession of the Castle and extended parks in 1477. She then descended to Elizabeth's time, when occurred the remarkable and noble defence of the place for eleven days by Sir George Bowes, of Streatham, against the rebellious earls of the north of 1569.

In 1590 the Castle appears to have been in tolerably good repair, until it came into the

possession of Sir Henry Vane in 1626, who in 1630 unroofed and totally dismantled it for the sake of the lead, iron, wood, and stone contained in it.

'Oh! misery! can one thousand pounds worth of lead, iron, wood, and stone be more worth than a Castle which might receive a king and his whole train? Indeed, my dear nephew, it is miserable to think that the Vanes have done more to pull to pieces, and utterly destroy and ruin this noble monument of former greatness, than all the wars, sieges of barbarians, ay, or even the ruthless destroyer Time, during the many centuries before or since they have had possession of it. It is lamentable to reflect on the want of proper feeling for the history and great antiquity of such an object of interest as this once beautiful Castle, now, alas! a total ruin, mouldering fast to decay, and, I fear, soon to utter annihilation.'

Thus my aunt would lament the fall and spoliation of her beloved castle. And as I am desirous of rendering her character more complete to the reader's perception, I will endeavour to describe her dwelling, for often in domestic

arrangements we discover the tendency of menta solicitude as well as particular housewifery. The striking novelty to me in my aunt's home was the profusion of works of art, of all classes and descriptions; for from the ceiling to the floor the walls were covered with varied art representations — in painting, drawing, or engraving. There were, I remember, prints of Angelica Kaufmann's sentimental and allegorical designs, —some of Boydell's prints from Shakespeare's historical plays,—a large painting, size of life, of Venus, nearly nude—with one of her own lap-dog. There were landscapes of wild and romantic character,—pictures of sentiment or poetry—of beauty or heroism, — caricatures, too, of every conceivable grade and allusion. One I noticed was of a lay-brother carrying upon his back a huge bundle of fire-wood, in which were seen peeping out behind the shoes and ankles of a female, underneath which was written 'SUPPLIES FOR THE MONASTERY.' Besides pictures, there was great store of curiosities and antiquities,—old swords, old pipes, old coins and vessels of earthenware, old cabinets, oak chairs, china, guns, bows and arrows, Eastern slippers and embroidered

gloves, daggers and rusty spurs. The chair I sat upon was of oak, carved all over, and dated 1342 upon its back; it was of curious form, but lame and rickety; and there were others similar, but differing in form, age, &c. The tables, too, were odd, with spiral legs—and of various forms and workmanship. This sitting-room was lighted by a bay-window, filling which was an exuberant hydrangea in full bloom, with bunches of flowers the size of my head, and a magnificent geranium, the full height of the window. These so screened or shaded the light of the apartment, that with its pictures of half-revealed figures and heads, and other objects, together with the conglomeration of strange antiquated things about, seemed to strike at first the beholder with quaint mysterious impressions. On my first entrance I remained in silent wonder; while my aunt was as much amused at my abstraction as I was occupied in speculation on the novelties around me. She had the tact not to interrupt or disturb my youthful meditations, but smiled in self-satisfaction.

She led me upstairs to my bed-chamber, a large antiquated room panelled with oak, and

old enough to be of the time of the Duke of Gloucester. It was dark and gloomy, where one candle only made 'darkness visible.' There were pictures here, which, however, I did not examine, but retired to bed, wearied and satiated with all I had seen during the day.

On waking in the morning, the light of day revealed to me this ancient chamber, and straight before me, over the mantel-piece, there hung a half-length portrait, the size of life, representing a beautiful lady, looking right down upon me, with an arch Cupid by her side, the little god and herself portrayed as divinities, as was the fashion of a certain period. And what attracted my young observation was that, as I moved to different parts of the chamber the eyes of the picture seemed to follow me. This strange illusion I could not account for at the time, but I climbed upon a table to ascertain if the eyes were part of the canvas, or not; and, sure enough, my astonishment was increased on finding the surface flat and perfect, and only painted over like the rest of the picture. On frequently resuming my examination of this work of art since the period above alluded to, I have always been

charmed with the colouring of the flesh, the purity, and bloom, and richness of which seemed to me unsurpassed by Titian. The ruby freshness of the lips, and the transparency of the shade-tint, quite won my admiration, and I returned to it with ever new and increased appreciation of its rare merits; so much so, indeed, that I have no memory of the other pictures or objects in this room. The effect of this beautiful picture, its harmony and glow of colour, was to charm my young fancy,—my soul yearned towards the possibility of being able to realize such perfection, and PAINTING became from that time the lodestar of my ambition.

My Quaker schoolmaster, although familiar with almost every scholastic or scientific difficulty, possessed very little skill in the fine arts, and his pupils were left to improve themselves as best they could by 'copies' provided for them in the way of coloured engravings. When the time came for my being removed from school, and placed in my father's business, the passion for Art still clung to me; and as days and years passed on I was still true to my infatuation, taking every spare moment, early in the

morning and late at night, to practise the delicious enjoyment of reproducing enchanting scenery, or exercising my hand upon the difficult human 'face divine.' My poor father became alarmed at last, lest this '*ignis fatuus*' should be leading me away altogether from what he deemed my best interests in life; and when my mother, delighted, exhibited my portfolio to some of her admiring friends, who praised and expatiated upon the wonders of 'genius,' my father would be groaning in spirit in an adjoining room. It was curious to observe the bewildered and divided expression that his face assumed on these occasions. If one side smiled with some degree of inward pride and satisfaction, the other assumed an aspect of rebuke, and he felt disposed to hurry to my mother's exhibition, shut up the folio from whence she brought out her son's wonderful works and exclaim, 'Nonsense, nonsense, — this will be the boy's ruin, I foresee!' But my father loved my mother, and no doubt suffered in his own breast rather than mortify his beautiful spouse, — for the praises of her child were a heaven of bliss to her. The boy's extreme modesty

caused him to run away and hide himself on these occasions, while new sensations thrilled every nerve and agitated his whole frame, and he felt that he must live for other and nobler objects than those which occupied the men and women around him. When a fox-hunting squire saw the collection of my works, he would expatiate to my mother on the heavenly gifts of genius; how those gifted with it pushed themselves forward in the world, overcame all difficulties, cleared the fences, and reached their goal. 'Then, ma'am,' he would say, 'fame, riches, and honours come "thick as leaves that strew the Vale of Vallombrosa," as the great poet hath it; and he would leave my poor mother in an ecstasy from which it would have been sin in my father to have roused her. What glory it is to have praise in youth for any rare skill, physical or mental!

The part of the country where we lived at the period of which I write, had acquired fame for its peculiar breed of cattle, which it has ever since maintained. Exhibitions of the most extraordinary mountains of fat made the tour of the three kingdoms; paintings and engrav-

ings of these bovine wonders were fashionable; and it is not strange if a young artist should copy a series of these monsters. I accordingly had drawn, on large paper, bulls, oxen, and heifers, the most famous on record. With these I also executed sets of fox-hunting and greyhound-coursing, large views of the lakes, the scenery of Wales, the various picturesque rivers, and remarkable places or noble seats.

An unfortunate son of the brush arriving in the town and proposing to teach, I hastened by stealth, unknown to any of my friends, to his studio, and took my place for a set of six lessons, and accomplished under his tuition what to me was a fresh delight. It was a miniature of a beautiful girl, with a white veil spreading from the back of her head over her crimson satin dress, which showed in varied transparency the form beneath,—she might be a bride, most beautiful she appeared to my wondering eyes,—the graduated effect of the veil, in its soft transparency, seeming magical to me. This professor had been on intimate terms with Morland, and had advanced him from time to time sums of money until he had

no more to advance. He said, whenever he went to Morland for the restitution of his accumulated debts he always left him with an addition to the sum due; but yet he loved him, he said, and was charmed with his genius and his society.

Another of these itinerant geniuses was detained in our town by sickness; he was a son of the 'sock and buskin,' but being accomplished in the arts, and no longer able to 'strut his hour upon the stage,' he wished to teach drawing; and to him I went for six lessons more in water-colours. Here I drew single figures, grotesque or humorous, taken mostly from such subjects as he painted. My portfolios being crammed with an extensive and miscellaneous collection, and my age approaching seventeen, I turned my thoughts to a higher pursuit, and became wholly absorbed in the study and practice of oil-painting, the smell of which was to me aliment and perfume inexpressible. In these times of eight-horse waggons and stage-coaches there were no establishments to supply you with artists' colours from the shops in London, as there are

now; so I had recourse for my first supply of necessaries, colours, oils, varnishes, canvas, the loan of an easel and palette, and so forth, to one of those country artists who, uniting the fine arts to a department of trade, have, by a very celebrated bard, been denominated the 'Dick Tintos' of the provinces, and, like most English artists, adapt the supply of their genius to the demand. Thus he was at once house, sign, coach, and heraldry painter, while for all who might be pleased to patronise his graphic pencil, he ventured upon the higher departments of art, landscape or portraits, as well as those luminous displays yclept 'transparencies,' painted upon a system of glazing of the Venetian school. As this universal genius made up his own materials, and ground his own colours, there was no difficulty in obtaining from him whatever I needed.

And here let me endeavour to place before the reader's eye the picture of a '*brother chip*,' long lost to the provincial world of art and science,—I say science, for he was scientific as well as everything else, by turns, being in fact a universal genius; and there was nothing

in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters that encompass it about, of which he did not know something. His acquirements, indeed, were extraordinary. Self-taught and unappreciated, he lived and died a recluse, known but to few; his acquisitions of information were scarcely known to himself; it was only when subjects were brought under discussion that he found himself prepared to enter on subtle arguments and nice distinctions that would have surprised and delighted learned professors. Like many unfortunate geniuses, he was eccentric in person and manners. His figure was ungainly. By an accident in early life he was lame in one leg, and crippled in one hand and foot, and his head appeared (as well as his nose) to have been knocked to one side, perhaps by the same accident. He met your gaze with one eye only, and if by some chance you caught a glance of the other you would observe that there was a decided obliquity of vision in *that* organ, which he invariably kept closed in company. He was decidedly a bookworm, and when poring over some mouldy old tome he wore a pair of wide-rimmed spectacles,

partly horn, partly metal, that conveyed to the observer such an open-eyed stare as not unfrequently caused him to be taken for one of those individuals called in Scotland 'uncannie,' so that he was suspected by several of his credulous neighbours of being able to unravel the mysteries of futurity, or of having communications with the Evil One; and many refused to enter the precincts of his sanctum, for he was a solitary man, and would be shut up in his wonderful chamber in silence and study until after midnight. He combined many pursuits; he was by trade bookbinder, bird-stuffer, botanist, herbalist, geologist, mineralogist, geographer, astronomer, surveyor, engraver; his closets and shelves were crammed with tools, instruments, books, portfolios full of old prints of all descriptions and sizes, stuffed birds and animals, an eccentric collection of branches, and clogs, and stumps of trees, with mosses and lichens, walls covered with pictures all painted by himself, besides his slabs and mullers, easels and colours, oils and varnishes. It was in this chamber I found him. As I entered his back was towards me, a lighted candle was in his

hand, and as he turned his remarkable head towards me, his hair standing on end, his spectacles shoved up on his capacious forehead, his eyes looking different ways with the singular effect of light and shadow—I myself being at this time rather timid and imaginative, though bold in my errand—I confess to have been taken rather 'aback,' and I gazed at him with some trepidation; but he spoke encouragingly, bidding me 'come in.' So I threaded my way to where he was, and explained my wishes. To my infinite delight I found in him a kindred spirit, and he promised to furnish me with all I desired to have, canvas, colours, easel, &c.*

It was by him that I was initiated into the mysteries of 'oil;' it was by him I was told of the wonders of the palette, its mixtures and compound tints, those which were evanescent and those which stood the test of time, the 'rubbings in,' the first, second, and third paintings, all the secrets of glazing, and the constant habit and practice of the great masters,

* The name of this unknown genius was George Marks.

their experiments after the yet undecided 'vehicle,' that *ignis fatuus* of artists.

Need I tell of the sleepless nights, the raptures of anticipation of an artist's first beginning in oil? When I did sleep, my dreams were of pictures of ineffable harmony and brilliance, my visions of beautiful paradises and glowing sunsets, of Jacob's Dream and the ladder with the Angels ascending and descending,—of the tender aerial landscapes of Claude and the depth and richness of Titian, — all the wonders of the pencil, and of nature, arose before my ardent imagination. At last the materials came, and lighting my fire at five o'clock next morning, when all the household were fast asleep, I arranged my apparatus and set my first palette; and after rubbing in and rubbing out, and dabbing away until breakfast, I had to my mind made little progress in getting over the first trouble of a new process, and found that the colours either *ran* or *crept* or did not cover the ground, and seemed so hard and harsh that the disappointment was great enough, when I had to scrape all off and begin again *de novo*. And so I went on morning after morning, month after

month, until at length I began to find the difficulties in the management of oil-colour give way a little to perseverance. I often visited my singular friend to ask questions, to hear about painting and about artists, and once a-week, when the *Examiner* newspaper came to him, it was my wont to repair at night to his sanctum to hear the descriptions and critiques contained at that time in this talented paper. It was thus that I became familiar with the names of living painters, with their works and the peculiarities of their style, their merits and defects. In these critiques Haydon was mentioned with great praise, his 'Judgment of Solomon' extolled above any other historical work of the English school (and with justice). It was by this paper I was informed about the extraordinary wonders of the 'Elgin Marbles,' the doings of artists in the great metropolis, and all the interesting particulars of the art of this period. Is it to be wondered at, then, if my too sanguine imagination was fired, and my desire painfully excited to see the works of the men of whom I was constantly reading?

Most parents who have a family of sons find

it difficult when the time comes to decide what calling or profession their boys shall pursue during life. My parents were not exempt from this difficulty, and I was the one selected for my father's business. Obedient to their wishes I remained thus employed until twenty years had rolled over my head. Then, burning with desire to tread the illusory but flower-enamelled way that leads to fame, and urged by an impulse that grew irresistible, I started for London, a country youth in a modest suit of brown, with twenty pounds in my pocket, earned by my brush—all I could call my own; for my father told me that if I persisted in following the desire of my heart, I was to look for no assistance from him, saying at the same time, that he had no faith in such visionary pursuits. London appeared to me the heaven of youthful hopes and expectations, that Armida's garden of enchantment where all bright visions must be realised or disappointed. Viewed from a distance, it appeared decked in dazzling beauty to my youthful imagination, especially when a journey of three long days and nights by a stage-coach lay between me and

my heaven of bliss. So it was some fifty years ago when the 'Highflyer' or 'Wellington' stopped at my father's door, and I quitted my indulgent home for ever. Silent and simple I travelled, with visions alternately sad and brilliant flitting before me. Everything was strange to my wondering eyes. As the coach entered the suburbs of the great City, in a heavy shower of rain, I was warned not to take my impressions of London from that day, which was dreary and gloomy enough, for with the dense smoke and wet it seemed as if we were entering into an inhabited cloud.

Alas! how was I situated!—I had no introductions, no friends, not even an acquaintance, in the whirlpool of life that I was entering.

I had come against the wishes of at least one parent, contrary to the advice of friends, who would come to my father to tell him of the risks and ruin of young men indulging in visionary pursuits, and urging him, as he loved his son, to induce him to return home, and to make him turn his talents to business.

CHAPTER II.

ARRIVAL IN LONDON — EARLY DIFFICULTIES — HAYDON AND FUSELI — LETTERS TO HIS BROTHERS — OPPORTUNITIES OF STUDY — THE ELGIN MARBLES — MR. DAY — HOPES AND DISAPPOINTMENTS — REFUSED ADMISSION TO THE ACADEMY — HAYDON'S ADVICE — THE ROYAL ACADEMY — BRIBING THE PORTER — HAYDON'S GENEROSITY — INTRODUCTION TO LITERARY CELEBRITIES — CARICATURE OF HAYDON AND HIS PUPILS.

In London, Bewick found himself involved in all the difficulties to which the young and unknown artist is exposed on his first arrival in the metropolis. He appears, however, to have made the acquaintance, at an early period of his residence, of various persons who were able to guide him in the cultivation of his art, and to contribute in a great measure to his ultimate success. He thus gained the advantage of seeing, in the beginning of his career, some of the noblest works, both of ancient and modern painters, and had opportunities of listening to and profiting by the observations of competent

critics. Nor, while studying the works of others, does he appear to have neglected the practice of his art, as he employed his time both in retouching old paintings, and in producing new ones, some of which he was able to dispose of to the patrons of young and promising artists.

Among persons of more or less distinction with whom he became acquainted, perhaps none excited higher admiration, or exercised a more profound influence upon his mind, so far as regards his views of art, than Mr. B. R. Haydon, whom he calls the 'first painter we have.' Haydon gave him a letter of introduction to Fuseli, with the view of obtaining for him the privilege of drawing in the Academy, but at first he was unsuccessful. Haydon, indeed, appears to have acted towards Bewick with remarkable kindness, urging him to press forward to the higher walks of art, and amid the disappointments which might beset him to exercise industry, patience, and perseverance. In his intercourse with this renowned artist, he enjoyed the privilege of becoming acquainted with some of the most distinguished men of the day, poets, sculptors, and painters, not only

of England, but also of foreign countries. From their conversation he derived the utmost benefit, his views of art, of literature, and of life being at once greatly enlarged, and at the same time rendered more precise. His position, too, as a pupil of Haydon's, in some degree exposed him to the animosity from which that artist was seldom free. In a caricature of Haydon and his pupils, which was published, Bewick was made the most conspicuous figure after Haydon himself. But of this period of his life the following letters, addressed from London to his brother, will give the reader an interesting outline.

DEAR BROTHER,—You will think, no doubt, that I am rather inert or forgetful, not to have written you ere this, but my desire was to have something satisfactory to tell you. I have no doubt you will want to know how I am situated here. Well, I am not doing anything, but am occupying my time in seeing the exhibitions, &c. &c., which will prove very useful, as I shall hereby improve my ideas. What a pity it is that I have not some little independence at the

present moment, as I have got leave to study from the celebrated marble statues which Lord Elgin brought from Greece, — likewise from a plaster cast of Phidias, now exhibiting in the Mews Gallery. Such an opportunity would be likely to found me on the Grecian purity of design. I had the other morning a long conversation with Mr. Day (the proprietor of the King's Mews Gallery). I showed him my picture of Niobe, and he passed high encomiums on it. He is an artist, and has been in Italy, from whence he brought the celebrated cast from a statue of Phidias, twenty feet high, together with several valuable paintings by the old masters, Raphael, Carracci, Rubens, &c.; all of which he is now exhibiting. I am to go with him to Lord Elgin's (Burlington House) tomorrow morning, to see his moulders at work. He brought them with him from Rome, having there borrowed them from Canova, the celebrated sculptor, who was over here six or seven months ago. Mr. Day is very polite, and asked me from what part of the country I came, and who were the principal noblemen in the neighbourhood. I told him that the Earl of Dar-

lington was one, and that I expected a letter of introduction from Lady Chaytor to Lady Darlington.

I should like to stay here as long as possible, as I can employ my time either in a drawing-school, in portrait-painting, or anything else that would be to my advantage. However, I must take my chance. I have not had much good fortune thus far.

I remain your ever dutiful brother,

WM. BEWICK.

Mr. John Bewick,
Newgate Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

London, July 14th, 1816.

DEAR BROTHER,—I have had a great many disappointments, and some flattering hopes. In my last I think I mentioned Lady Darlington, —that I had received a letter from Colonel Chaytor desiring me to wait upon her ladyship. I mentioned this to some of my friends here, asking their advice. They advised me to take a fine day, as it affects much the exhibition of any works of art. So, after waiting two or three weeks, during which period I retouched

a picture, I repaired to Cleveland House on Monday morning, and was mortified and disappointed to learn that the family had quitted London the day before. Judge my feelings at this disappointment after I had anxiously waited so long. However, I must wait patiently, and employ my time as my means will permit. I am at present painting a companion to the 'Marriage.' It is the 'Presentation at the Temple.' I am to have ten guineas for it.

You would hear, if you received any of my letters to my parents, that I have been honoured with the acquaintance of Mr. B. R. Haydon, so much talked of in the papers. He is the first historical painter we have. I was drawing at Burlington House, a place where he studied. He invited me to go to his house to see his things. I got breakfast with him, and saw all his drawings from the Elgin Marbles, likewise the astonishing picture of 'Christ riding into Jerusalem,' which he is now painting. His 'Judgment of Solomon' you will have heard of. It was purchased for seven hundred guineas; he was engaged on it four years, and during that

time he did not earn a shilling by his profession. He has been so kind as to give me a letter to H. Fuseli, professor of painting. I took the letter with a drawing, to obtain permission to draw in the Academy. The Council met on Friday, and I am not admitted. There were about fifty drawings not admitted. Mine was only the second finished drawing I ever made. I am not acquainted with any of the Royal Academy, and Mr. Haydon was expelled the Academy. But I understand I should have given the porter at the door a shilling to have given the letter to Mr. Fuseli himself. I was not aware of this, and one can't tell how the letter may have operated with the Royal Academicians. My means are limited: if I can manage until Lady Darlington returns, I will remain here, as I should like to be satisfied that I have tried everything. I send you a copy of Mr. Haydon's letter to Mr. Fuseli:—

'My dear Sir,—The bearer of this is a Mr. Bewick, who is industrious and very eager to get on. He brings a drawing to show you, that he may be allowed to draw in the Academy, if you think it sufficiently well done. He seems

to have a feeling for doing things in a large way, and I do think promises something. Excuse my troubling you.

I am, dear Sir, yours respectfully,

B. R. HAYDON.

I thought of sending something to Mr. Bewick, the engraver; I have nothing yet good enough. There were two portraits of him in the Exhibition. He is thought a clever man here.

As to my health, I am well, I have something else to think about.

I remain your affectionate Brother,

W. BEWICK.

London, Sept. 17th, 1816.

DEAR BROTHER,—You will have heard how I have been befriended by a celebrated historical painter, B. R. Haydon, Esq. He has written to my father relative to my remaining here; perhaps they will send you a copy of his letter, I cannot tell what he has said.* My father has

* The letters written by Mr. Bewick and Mr. Haydon to his father were intrusted to a brother of Mr. B.'s, who has unfortunately mislaid them.

answered his letter, and in consequence I have received a note from Mr. Haydon inviting me to tea. I went, and had the kindest reception, evidencing friendship and an ardent desire for my getting on in the higher walks of art. He promises every assistance in his power; all he requires in return is, that I be industrious and have patience and perseverance (what'less can I do?). He says it entirely depends on myself whether I get on or not. I shall do all in my power to be industrious, &c., and a few years will show what I can do—how far my abilities (genius if I have any) may reach. He showed me a valuable collection of engravings. 'See what you like, do what you choose, and have anything I can conveniently spare,' these were his words at tea.

He is going in a fortnight to have a figure cast life-size, and he has given me leave to draw from it. This is a particular favour. I cannot give you an idea of my feelings. He will arrange for me to see all the exhibitions, &c. of pictures free. I must attend the dissections in a week or two, the weather is too warm at present. You will know that Mr. Stamper and I

live together at Dr. Wilson's, two rooms first-floor.

Mr. Haydon has given me some precious advice, in fact more by half than I could have expected from a father. If I ever do anything the family will be indebted to him.

I am your dutiful Brother,

WM. BEWICK.

London, Jan. 12th, 1817.

DEAR BROTHER,—You will please to excuse my writing much at present, my time is so much engaged. Since I last wrote you, a circumstance has occurred concerning me at the Royal Academy. On Monday I took a drawing there, desiring to be admitted a student,—the man at the door asked me if I had a letter of recommendation, I said, No. 'You would have got in much better if you had had a letter from a Royal Academician or an Exhibitor.' I told him I had none, and that if my drawing was not sufficient to gain my admittance, I must be content. I went to tell the circumstance to Mr. Haydon; he advised me to go back and give the porter a shilling, but I despised this

underhanded bribing work, and determined to take my chance.

I called a few days, after and heard to my surprise that my drawing was admitted. I naturally asked to have it, but I was told I could not. What they mean by this, I don't know, as it is not the usual method: it must have been that they think I am not able to do another as well. I hope I shall do better, and that the Academy will prove a useful place for study.

You will have heard that my mother received a letter from Mr. Haydon. I wish I could describe my feelings at receiving such friendship from this great man. He has even gone so far as to lend me money; and when I offered it him again he would not take it. I told him I really did not know how I should be ever able to recompense him for all he had done for me. His answer was, 'Only be industrious, and suceeed in your art, that is all I require.' Think, dear John, what must be my feelings to be thus honoured by such a man, while his acquaintance is courted by all the noble in the land. Write me the first opportunity, and say if you are

determined to stay in Newcastle; I hope to see you in London.

I am, dear brother, yours affectionately,

WILLIAM BEWICK, jun.

Extract.

London, March 16th, 1817.

DEAR BROTHER,— . . . .

I last Monday set my name down as a student in the British Museum. . . .

London, March 30th, 1817.

DEAR BROTHERS,—Your letter of the 24th inst. I received safe, enclosing 2*l.* for which I return you my sincere thanks and hope it may be soon in my power to refund it together with the 5*l.* you have already lent me.

You desire me to tell you how I am circumstanced. In answer: the last money I received from Darlington was 5*l.*, the remainder of the other payment for the last picture I did for Jas. Janson, Esq. (I have got 15*l.* for it.)

What I am to do now I really don't know. I was at Mr. Haydon's to tea on Monday last. We talked matters over, he thought like a father, and with as much concern as if I had

really been his son, he confessed to me that he only had 5*l.* left. 'However,' says he, 'I'll let you have five shillings, that will help a little:' think of a man like this letting me have five shillings out of the only 5*l.* he had.

He likewise offered to pass his word for the payment of a quarter-year's living at an eating-house; but as I was so unsettled, and did not know whether I should change my lodgings, I thought it not advisable to accept his offer, and it seems much better to pay as I go on, as I should not like at the end of three months not to be able to pay.

A few weeks ago I paid a visit to Geo. Allan, Esq., M.P.* and had a glass of wine with him. I am to go with him to Mr. Haydon's to see his much-talked-of things.

My student's ticket for the Academy is sent to be engraved. There is one gentleman, about twenty-three years old, who has drawn in the Academy seven years; another, aged twenty-one, has drawn three years, and the Council have thought them not admissible for their ticket yet. They are very particular now, not as they used to

* For South Durham.

be. My drawings, unknown to me, were sent in to the Professor of Painting; he said he liked them very much: the man who was in the room at the time told me all he said, which I need not repeat here.

I told Haydon of it, and he said it looked like something when the Professor took notice of me. 'Tell the Professor,' says he, 'plumply, if he speaks to you, that you are a pupil of mine, I want it to be known.' What must I feel, John, when Mr. Haydon rejects so many young men who come to him with letters of recommendation, and who have offered him large sums of money — one young man came recommended from Edinburgh. Mr. Haydon (as he says) soon found out what he was, and recommended him to begin immediately with portraits.

I shall finish dissecting next week.

I am, dear brother, yours affectionately,

W. BEWICK.

EXTRACTS.

London, May 30th, 1817.

DEAR JOHN,—I intended to have written to you last night, but being out to tea, it was

late before I got home. Your letter and five-pound note I received safe, I cannot express how much obliged I am to you. When I look back at the many stops and turns, &c., which have occurred since I came here, I cannot but believe that there must be a Providence which directs and guides all our actions in a certain way to a certain point,—at least I think it is a fine consolation to believe so . . . .
At Mr. Haydon's I am daily, and here I am introduced to all kinds of known characters, authors, poets, painters, sculptors, &c., not only of this, but of every other country of Europe .

London, Feb. 11th, 1818.

To Mr. J. Bewick, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER,—How do you do? I hope you are quite settled and happy; I hear you have taken a house. I have an opportunity of sending this by a friend, Mr. Harvey (pupil of Bewick the engraver); he is a very clever fellow, and I have no doubt but he will get on. I found him in an obscure part of the town. He has very few acquaintances,

and wants bringing forward (his genius would bring him out). I have introduced him to the Landseers, &c. He has the right feeling, and as I said something to you about craniology, he has a good frontispiece. Will you give my best respects to Bewick, and son and daughters, and give them my address? I shall be happy to see any of them if they come to town.

I have been at two or three very intellectual dinners since I came. Amongst the company were Horatio Smith (author of *Rejected Addresses*), Keats the poet, Hazlitt the critic, Haydon, Hunt the publisher, &c., &c. I expect you will have got the numbers of *Annals of Art* from Bewick. I have taken rooms at No. 15 Nassau Street (Middlesex Hospital), unfurnished. It will be rather expensive for me just now, but it suits my purpose.

I have been drawing the skeleton of a lion, &c., for comparative anatomy, and a head in the British Museum.

Hazlitt is giving lectures on poetry; they are said to be the finest lectures that ever were delivered. He gave me a ticket of admission; I have attended.

He is the Shakespeare prose writer of our glorious country; he outdoes all in truth, style, and originality,—you must read his Shakespeare's characters.

I am, dear brother and sister,
Yours affectionately,
WILLIAM BEWICK.

Mr. J. Bewick, Newcastle-on Tyne.

London, March 20th, 1818.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—There will be published in the *Annals of Art* for the 1st of April a caricature representing Haydon and his pupils. Your brother is made most conspicuous, being placed in the centre, and figuring away in a most energetic style. I have had an impression given me. Haydon is flying in the shape of a bird, he has kicked his palette and colours behind him, and is blowing a trumpet as director of the public taste, with two large pens before him denoting his authorship. It will be the best thing for us that has happened, for it connects us altogether,—brings us into public notice, and if we produce anything it will make it tell so much the more. The fools! they cannot see that the more they talk

about us the better for us; they cannot annihilate our works; they cannot criticise our drawings, so they show their jealousy in this way. You are free from all this glorious work, this jealousy, this envy. Write to me as soon as you can. Mrs. Harvey's brother is coming to town, endeavour to send a letter by him if he comes soon.

My love to Ann, and that you may both live and die happy, with a religious sense of duty towards your Creator, is the prayer and hope of your brother,

WM. BEWICK.

Mr. J. Bewick, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

CHAPTER III.

VISIT TO DARLINGTON—BELZONI—HARASSED IN CIRCUMSTANCES — ENGAGED ON A LARGE PAINTING 'JACOB AND RACHEL'— NOTICES OF BEWICK'S PICTURES — HAYDON'S 'LAZARUS'— INVOLVED IN CONSEQUENCE OF HAYDON'S BANKRUPTCY.

In the period which intervenes between the last letter and that which follows, Bewick appears to have visited his friends in the north; but during that time he seems to have been by no means forgetful of his vocation, enlarging his views of the domain of art by the practical study of it. The circle of his acquaintances was gradually enlarged; and among others, he obtained the friendship of Allan, the distinguished Scottish artist, and late President of the Royal Scottish Academy. A painting on which he had been working diligently for some time was got ready for exhibition in the British Gallery in January 1822;

and when Haydon exhibited his 'Judgment of Solomon,' and other pictures in Edinburgh, some of Bewick's first works were submitted to the public judgment along with them. Yet, though he was thus encouraged by the dawn of success, his position was still uncertain, and he was greatly harassed by the difficulties with which he had to contend. Embarrassed, however, as he was, he never lost his courage, but continued to labour in the assurance that he should yet overcome every difficulty, and reach the goal which was the object of his ambition. In the following letters to his brother, written in the years 1821-2, Bewick gives a very interesting account of the more prominent events in his career.

London, April 29th, 1821.

My Dear Brother, — Since I returned from the country I have been *fagging very hard* at my picture;* it will, I hope, be out next spring,—God grant me health and means. I dine to-morrow (Sunday) with Allan, the painter, of whom you will read in *Peter's*

* 'Jacob and Rachel.'

Letters to his Kinsfolk,—Mr. Haydon and Mr. Geddes, all painters. Next Sunday I expect to meet the famous Belzoni, he that has been so indefatigable in his researches in Egypt, &c. He has published a very splendid and able account of his journey, discoveries, &c. He has brought to this country a collection of Egyptian antiquities, which he is now exhibiting to the public, so that he is very popular, and well deserves to be so. In his person he is a giant, and formerly exhibited himself in this country, performing feats of strength. I know he was at Newcastle. If you see the portrait at the beginning of his book, and then add his figure, you will have an idea what a grand fellow he is. Pray let me hear from you; my kind remembrance to Ann, and believe me,

Your affectionate brother,

W. BEWICK.

London, Nov. 16th, 1821.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am very much obliged for what you sent me by Mr. Harvey. My picture will be exhibited at the British

Gallery in January.* I have got very rapidly forward within the last two months, and I see now that I shall get through in time. Mr. Haydon is highly delighted with what I have done. I hope to God that it will be successful. I have just ordered a gold frame for it, and all is going on very well, except that I am harassed in my circumstances; but if I keep my health, I hope to get over it. I have an opportunity of sending this by a parcel to Mr. Harvey, and I avail myself of it merely to thank you for the kind remembrance of me. Mr. Haydon and Mr. Harvey have gone to Edinburgh to exhibit the 'Judgment of Solomon,' and other pictures, together with some of my first beginnings.

I hope you are all well. Excuse this short letter; I will write you a good long one by and by,—and believe me, dear John,

Your affectionate brother,

W. BEWICK.

Bewick now seems to have been infected with Haydon's passion for large pictures, a new

* 'Jacob and Rachel.'

one on which he was engaged, 'David bringing the head of Goliah to Saul,' being on a very large scale. From the correspondence which follows, it is evident that he was gradually conquering for himself a high place in the estimation of the public; and this no doubt encouraged him to undertake more important works than he had previously ventured upon. In the midst of his artistical aspirations, it is very pleasing to find in these letters the simple expression of his feelings as a man, his domestic affections, his unshaken adherence to principle, and that simple piety which formed the basis of his character.

London, May 11th, 1822.

DEAR BROTHER, — Miss Harvey tells me that you are offended at my not writing to you before this; the truth is, that I have been harassed to death in every way for the last four months. But to tell you this, is hardly enough; you sit by the fireside comfortably every evening, you take your regular rest, nothing to disturb your thoughts, or drive them from the regular routine of occupations from

day to day, from week to week, from month to month; you can have no idea of the occupations or habits of study of a painter, or you would readily excuse me.

I am now as much engaged as ever with my new picture; it is much larger than the last (14 feet by 10 feet), and the subject is of course more difficult; it represents David bringing the head of Goliah to King Saul—who was jealous of him from that day forward,—while the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David,—and the women came out of all the cities of Israel, singing, and dancing, &c.

'Jacob and Rachel' is now being exhibited at Leeds: it is not sold, which makes me very much pushed for money.

Mr. Harvey is going to send, and I take the opportunity of forwarding a hasty 'how do you do.' I hope Ann and your family are well.

Believe me ever yours affectionately,

W. BEWICK.

Mr. J. Bewick, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Darlington, Oct. 6th, 1822.

MY DEAR JOHN,—We are all extremely sorry to hear of the loss you have sustained in

parting with your dear little Mary Ann. This is your first paternal loss, and both you and Ann must feel it very much; but I hope you will both bear it with fortitude, as strong in the belief of the wisdom of Divine Providence. I am very busy from morning to night, and I begin to be afraid that I shall not be able to get over to Newcastle. If you get the *Tyne Mercury* (Tuesday last) you will see a very flattering account of my picture. Indeed they have made it the first subject of their remarks, which is more than could have been expected, considering that the established artists, Howard, R.A., and Martin, are exhibitors.

You must get a *Newcastle Magazine*, which contains more than the *Tyne Mercury*. My mother and all the family join in condolence with you both.

I am, dear Brother, yours affectionately,

W. BEWICK.

Though Bewick continued to labour with undiminished zeal, he was still unable to support himself by the proceeds of his art, and had to make, from time to time, applications for

assistance to his friends. To add to his other difficulties, he was unfortunately involved in the troubles which continually beset the existence of his early friend and patron, Haydon. In order to assist one who had shown him so much friendship he incurred obligations which he was ultimately unable to meet. He alludes to these and other events in the following letters to his brother:—

London, May 8th, 1823.

DEAR JOHN,—The exhibition of Mr. Haydon's picture goes on remarkably well and profitably, but it is not sold yet, which makes him very short of money. Every person—enemies as well as friends—agrees that the 'Raising of Lazarus' is the sublimest conception and best picture that has been painted in this country; and that the figure, expression, and the sepulchral effects of Lazarus, are among the finest things ever conceived or executed. If you should think it any honour to have sat for the head of this fine figure, you may be interested to know that I served as model; and it is not unlike me when I am worn out with

fatigue,—in fact, it was painted from me just before I set off for the country last time, when I was so ill that I looked certainly more like a ghost than a living man. I am getting on rapidly with my picture, and working very hard. I know this must be an expensive time for you, but if you could send me a little more assistance, I should be greatly obliged, as the expenses are very great, and I have no means at present of raising any money, my time being wholly occupied with my picture. My kind remembrances to Ann and to little Emma.

Ever yours affectionately,

W. BEWICK.

Mr. J. Bewick, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

London, May 19th, 1823.

DEAR BROTHER, — I am all anxiety and misery. Mr. Haydon's affairs are in confusion, and I am uncertain as to how far I am involved, and how to proceed; send me what assistance you can. I have got on very rapidly with my picture, but this business stops me for the present. I have many good friends here who will advise me for the best; and whatever I may

have to suffer in conjunction with other friends of his, I hope it will be a lesson to me for the future.

Believe me ever yours affectionately,

W. BEWICK.

Direct to me at Mr. Harvey's, 24 Norfolk Street, Middlesex Hospital.

CHAPTER IV.

BEWICK'S REMINISCENCES OF CELEBRATED WRITERS AND ARTISTS — HAYDON — PURSUIT OF THE HIGHER WALKS OF PAINTING — 'SOLOMON' — DECLINE OF HAYDON'S HEALTH — 'CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM' — HORACE SMITH — WILKIE AND HAYDON — WILKIE'S 'READING THE NEWS OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO' — WILKIE'S HANDS — VISIT TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY — PATHETIC STORY — RUBENS' 'CHAPEAU DE PAILLE.'

BEWICK, who possessed the artist's talent for close and accurate observation, was in the habit, as we have seen in the preceding letters, of committing to paper his impressions of the various remarkable characters whom he met casually in society, or whose acquaintance he enjoyed. Some of the most celebrated literary and artistic men of that period have been very fully and accurately portrayed by him, and the reminiscences of his personal intercourse with such distinguished writers as Scott, Hogg, Wordsworth, &c., are full of interesting anecdote and acute criticism. No one had ampler opportunity of becoming perfectly acquainted with Haydon, and his portraiture of that great but erratic

genius appears to find its place most conveniently in this chapter.

HAYDON.

'But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And all that *thou* hast done for me.'

Haydon is a subject that I hope to touch with circumspection, delicacy, and, if possible, justice. Many have written against his character, his talents, and his painting. Some have pursued him and his memory with never-tiring zeal, finding numberless points—God save the mark—at which to launch their shafts; and when it is no longer of any avail to attack his acknowledged genius, they turn to abuse the particular branch of art which he held to be the only one worth a life of deep study, and worth a man's ambition to excel in. This ambition even is a fault, and they say, 'It must be acknowledged there are too many examples to prove that painters will persevere in a peculiar style of art, notwithstanding every discouragement attending their labours. Our own Haydon is a case in point, a man of unquestionable genius, but entertaining views of art which the public

either would not or could not understand, and persevering in his promulgation of them with a pertinacity that set at defiance general opinion till he "perished in his prime."'

What a piece of time-serving cant this is! No doubt there may have been some Grub Street scribe at the time that Milton wrote his 'Paradise Lost' who abused the selection of the subject, asserted the unsaleableness of it, and blamed the pertinacity of the unfortunate author in continuing to exercise his genius upon a work of such great labour, for which he would only receive 5*l.* reward. No doubt it was an imprudence in a pecuniary point of view, but we look upon that noble poem with very different conclusions at the present time, and no one attempts or desires to rob the author of his high fame. So it will be with Haydon when his 'Judgment of Solomon' will stand out to justify his pretensions in the higher walks of painting, and show him worthy of public patronage and of the reward assigned too often to mediocrity and to the time-serving drudges in the middle and lower ranks of art, who, if they can only make money, would be lauded by such encouragers of art as the

writer of the above. Take, for instance, Thornhill, Barry, West, Reynolds, Northcote, not to speak of the most famous living artists. Compare West's 'Death on the Pale Horse,' Barry's Societies of Arts pictures, Reynolds' 'Ugolino' or 'Death of Cardinal Wolsey,' Northcote's 'Princes in the Tower,' all or any of them with Haydon's 'Judgment of Solomon;' consider the composition, the power of telling the story, then the breadth, mastery of light and shadow, appropriate tone of colour and harmony,—above all, take the expression, action, costume, then submit it to a scrutiny of parts—take a toe, a finger, an eye, a nostril, a hand, a foot, a head—and see if you can match Haydon's drawing, masterly handling, the colour, or the solidity of the flesh. There is no picture of the English school to be compared with it, and this will be admitted by all capable of judging before many years elapse. Why speak of the *pertinacity* of his character? Surely it is a virtue pertinaciously to follow out what we conceive to be meritorious, and Haydon was pertinacious in following the bent of his genius which was for *great works*, not for little ones.

He tried portraits and exhibited the results

of his experiments at the Royal Academy, but the public would not encourage that style of handing them down to posterity, requiring something more bland, more flattering. He tried smaller pictures, but it cannot be said that he was successful, although he painted many repetitions of 'Napoleon looking on the Sea' for as low a price as would satisfy his most humble-minded counsellor. What then was he to turn to? 'Gentle critic, tell me what?' But why overlook the truth of the position of this artist and scholar? After painting his 'Solomon,' he never was the healthy, vigorous man he was before. His health and the affliction of his eyes prevented him from applying himself to his next work with perseverance and assiduity, and he was six years before he brought out his 'Christ's Triumphal Entry.' He had thus six years of embarrassment upon him, and this incumbrance he never got free from: it weighed upon him, broke down his spirits, interrupted his labours, disturbed his tranquillity, weakened his powers of mind, and prevented that concentration of genius which is required for the achievement of difficult intellectual productions. Many great

men have succumbed to pecuniary embarrassments. Harassed by bailiffs and tax-gatherers, what can the intellect of a man achieve? What mastery of mechanical manipulation can he acquire? Nor does the public look at his works with favour, but in his struggle, he fights, as it were, with the sun in his eyes, helpless and bewildered, until insanity or death comes to end his mortal turmoil, and his character is left at the mercy of his enemies. But if he have done anything worthy of envy his works live after him, and honour and glory will crown the name of him to whom mere bread could not be granted in his lifetime. If to Mr. Haydon such a pension had been conceded as was enjoyed by Mr. West so many years (1000*l.* per annum), how differently, in my belief, he would have repaid his country! what works of grandeur and historical interest would he have executed! Honour and reward foster genius and cause it to expand; neglect, embarrassment, disappointment, wither and blast it.

When I first knew Haydon, he was very joyous, and even frolicsome; he delighted in fun, he would roll on the carpet at the facetious drollery of Charles Lamb, whose quaint humour

was to him irresistible; but he never could do more than laugh heartily at Horace Smith. Smith, he used to say, was too respectable-looking to suggest any tomfoolery, or boyish excitation of excess, or exuberant merriment. His hilarity and high spirits never flagged even in times of difficulty and anxious pecuniary straits; he seemed buoyed up by some inward conviction that he should overcome all his troubles, and so he struggled on—hope strong in his nature, and his high purpose giving vigour to all his projects and to all his labours. A good day's work at his picture was more to him than any other stake in the game of life.

One fine day after I had been sitting to Haydon, he took me to Kensington to see Wilkie's picture of 'Reading the News of the Battle of Waterloo,' which he was then painting for the Duke of Wellington. The picture was far advanced, and I was exceedingly struck with it, and admired many parts of it. The painter was pleased and in very good humour, and Haydon and he seemed to enjoy each other's company vastly, they had great confidence in and estimation of each other's judgment; and Wilkie

asked Haydon advice about parts of the picture which he had some doubts about, or which were not exactly to his satisfaction. The conversation was extremely interesting and instructive; and I was astonished at the perspicuity and nice discrimination that Wilkie evinced in his explanation of the how, the why, and wherefore of his doubts. He then showed his sketches, and they deliberated and decided. It was beautiful to observe the brotherly friendship and sincerity that seemed to exist between the two great painters, both at this time at the height of their celebrity; and I came away impressed with the conviction that no one knew more than Wilkie of that intricate and difficult part of the art, composition of lines, of masses and breadth of effect; and surely his execution is inimitable when confined to subjects of the size of this picture.

Haydon praised what had been done since last he saw the picture, and Wilkie was delighted. Indeed I never saw him so light-hearted and playful. Haydon took hold of his hands and said, 'Look here, Bewick, these are what I painted my Christ's hands from. Wilkie's hands

are the only part of his person that are like his pictures, they are made for fine execution,—my hands are very good, but they are not so tremulously nervous,—so delicate or refined. These will never paint *large* works with power, nor will mine ever paint small pictures with sufficient delicacy or refinement. You would never suppose that these hands would have such a miserable mess upon the palette as you see there (looking down at Wilkie's dirty palette). Wilkie's hands were copied for the *real mother* in my picture of Solomon, and it has been said that they are the most tender and expressive part of the whole picture.'

Wilkie was mentioning to me something about the material or vehicle he painted some parts of this picture with, and Haydon, laughing, stopped him, saying, 'No! now, Wilkie, don't pester Bewick with that,' and added to me, 'Every man, I suppose, must have his hobby, and Wilkie's hobby is, and always has been, *vehicle*. He has been running after this mystery, this *ignis fatuus*, ever since he began to paint; and like Sir Joshua, who did the same thing, he will always and for ever get further

and further from the objects of his search, and there will be a pretty look-out fifty or a hundred years after this, when his pictures fade, or crack, or turn black, or do something to astonish and disappoint posterity.' Wilkie laughed and said, 'Well, well, it is after all an important matter.' 'Yes,' replied Haydon, 'it is important to be contented with what has already been found to stand the test of time.'

An appointment was made to go to the National Gallery to examine the Piombo picture of the 'Raising of Lazarus,' Wilkie having said he had been thinking that Haydon wanted some 'bits of bright colour, perhaps *yellow*, in his picture.' Wilkie went deliberately over every part of this work; and it was after this visit that Haydon introduced those bright effects in the back of his picture.

Haydon and myself returned home through Kensington Gardens. It was a delicious day, and I enjoyed the freshness of the country, the air, and the walk, the more so from my constant confinement at my studies. We approached a seat and sat down under the grateful shade of some of the magnificent trees. The air was fra-

grant with the perfume of the linden, and the bees were busy profiting by the profusion of expanded flowers, and with the birds were making a humming music very conducive to meditation and silence. The sun danced upon the waters of the Serpentine, and a slight breeze played in the branches above us.

Haydon was pensive, and began to tell me the following incident of his pathetic story by saying, 'This reminds me of bygone days: it was here I sat on my return from my friend Wilkie, at the time I was painting my "Solomon." The picture of "Macbeth" had been returned by Sir George Beaumont because I had increased its size, and I was in the midst of my next even larger picture of "Solomon," when in consequence of not receiving the price agreed upon for "Macbeth," I was without funds, literally without a shilling to get my dinner. I thought what was to be done, and as I had already served Wilkie in another way, and we were on the most intimate terms of friendship and confidence, I determined to ask him for the loan of five pounds for my immediate necessities, in fact existence, as my father had withdrawn his

former allowance to me. I therefore walked to Kensington, the pride of my youth was on this occasion very much subdued. Well, my friend as usual was delighted to see me, and after a good deal of hesitation I plumped out the object of my visit. I was struck with his blank expression of face; if I had given him a blow he could not have been more staggered. I knew he had received some hundreds for his last work, and I *ought* to have donè the same. Wilkie put his hand to his mouth and pressed his under-lip between his finger and thumb, like one of the figures in his "Rent Day," and drawled out in cold Scotch, that he "raaly couldn't" let me have it. I said, "You can't, eh?" he replied, "No, *indeed* he could not." I was silent, numbed; my young heart, warm then in the feelings and sentiment of friendship, had received a shock. I felt my cheek hot with the blush of wounded pride and disappointment, and could only say, "I am sorry for it," and wishing him a good morning, left him to himself and his hundreds.

'I had returned as far as this seat. Beginning to feel extremely hungry, I sat down to consider

what was next best to be done to obtain my dinner. Hunger, they say, sharpens one's wits—but it did not mine; and I pursued my walk towards home. When I came near the old haunt for dinner, appetite pushed me on, and I determined to try on trust for once. I had always dined and paid at the same place for some years, and the waiter knew me. So into the eating-house I dashed, and, putting a good face upon the dilemma, asked for my usual chop, and dinner was never more gratefully consumed. When I had to pay, my hand went into my empty pocket in make-believe, and I said, "Oh, I've forgot my money to-day, I will pay you to-morrow." The reply was "Very well, Sir;" and I stepped to the door with as much momentary satisfaction as if I had had in the bank the amount Sir George owed me, or Wilkie's hundreds. Just as I put my foot upon the step of the outer door, a gentle tap on my shoulder stayed my progress, and I was very civilly invited by the keeper of the eating-house to walk into his room, as he wished to speak with me. I returned with him. He then shut the door, and, after apologizing for the liberty he was taking, said he had read in

the newspapers how badly I had been used with regard to my picture, and that if dining there, or living entirely at his house, would be any convenience to me, he should be quite delighted, and I might pay him when I was able. I agreed to dine there for the future, with many thanks for this noble, disinterested kindness.

'And there I continued to dine until my "Solomon" was completed. It was exhibited at Spring Gardens, had a good light and was well seen, made great success,—sensation, I might say—and was sold for 800 guineas. I paid all my kind creditors and my noble eating-house keeper, who, afterwards having retired from his successful business to his villa in the country a rich man, often drove in his carriage to pay his respects to me. I still continued my friendship for Wilkie, and did not let trifles of this kind come between us to mar our mutual satisfaction in the pursuit of our loved art. He seemed to enjoy my success as much as anybody; and I was now puffed up in all quarters as the first painter England had ever produced; and it must be my boast that I am a true *Englishman*, for my art and my country are

the only enthusiasm that possess my whole soul. I have invitations to reside in other countries, but I refuse all—it is *here* my *fate* is fixed.'

At the time Sir R. Peel bought the famous 'Chapeau de Paille' of Rubens, it was exhibited in Bond Street, and I accompanied Haydon and Martin to see it. Haydon went off to a proper distance under the light of the window and exclaimed, 'By G—d, Martin, that's wonderful! charming!—how pure and brilliant! What lustrous, beaming eyes! what a creature of brightness, of silvery splendour!' 'Oh,' Martin added, 'it *is* fine!' We were permitted to go within the enclosure to examine closely this extraordinary specimen of a very wonderful painter, take him all in all. Both our great English artists viewed it closely, admiring its solidity, its transparency, its fragile brightness, its softness, its purity of tint, and its elastic touch, without uttering one word; they did not seem to breathe.

After they had apparently satiated themselves, Haydon said to me, 'There, Bewick, take your fill of that; it is a perfect lesson to

any painter.' We then left the place, and the only remark I heard Haydon make as he got into the street was, that 'it at first struck him as being what is called "fishy" in the complexion;' to which Martin assented, but he confessed he did not know much of the practice of flesh-painting, nor was he aware by his own study of the great variety of delicate tints and half-tints required to make up the one colour or effect of flesh; he apprehended that flesh was one of the most difficult of an artist's tasks in the search after expression. On which Haydon remarked how few modern painters had attained to anything like what we had just seen, and that perhaps might not rank with some of the flesh of Titian, or of Murillo, or even, I am tempted to say, with some very few specimens of his pupil Vandyck. Sir Joshua had a fine conception of the general effect of flesh, but he seems to have wanted delicacy and tenderness of half-tint, and the fine drawing, and execution, and purity you find in Vandyck. Titian is mellowed, but there is not the purity which charms us in Vandyck, and even Guido.

'I should like,' said he, 'to have been able to

put what we have just seen by the side of a Titian. I apprehend Rubens in the head might seem cold, if not vapid. Those Venetians sacrificed all to their flesh, and produced tremendous effects of golden brilliancy and power of colour. Rubens is brilliant too, but there is not that *depth*—that power of *rich tone*. His pictures, though wonderful, have all the appearance of haste, of slightness, and want of solidity, whereas the Italians, the Venetians in particular, are finished with great care, with masses of solid colour,—with power, fine drawing, rich glazings; nothing can stand against them. Some of the Spanish painters have all this solid *impasto*, and transparent toning too, with the power and drawing, and we have an appreciation and sympathy with both schools. The Dutch school, as it is called, is perfection of execution in small, but where carried to a large expansive scale, it does not transfer its power, but appears attenuated or vapid.'

Martin had a peculiar habit of sneezing twice, or rather snorting with his nose, when conversing, and this would increase in loudness and frequency as he warmed to his argument. Hay-

don also had the same curious propensity, but not quite so loud as Martin.

In the dead silence of the room where the picture was exhibited these curious sounds were remarkably distinct, and seemed like the faint expressions of the thought of a dumb person or the sneezing of dumb animals, or like a sound and its echo. When old Kean played Sylvester Daggerwood (for his own benefit), he imposed upon himself this same odd habit, and when presented on the stage it was laughable enough.

Martin was of about middle size—fair, extremely good-looking, and pleasing in his expression; there was nothing remarkable or eccentric in his appearance; he was smart and trim, well dressed and gentlemanly, and when seen out of doors he seemed to delight in a light primrose-coloured vest with bright metal buttons, a blue coat set off with the same, his hair carefully curled, and shining with macassar oil. He was prepossessing, with a great flow of conversation and argument. He was also imaginative, and kept to his points with a tenacity not easily subdued.

Wilkie was tall, ungainly, and awkward in his manner, and, though not quite deserving the description of Mrs. Flynn, the beautiful housekeeper of Castle Howard, who spoke of him as 'the ugliest man she had ever seen,' he was by no means the 'golden-haired' Adonis his fellow-countryman, Allan Cunningham, would have liked to make him. He had rather a drawling, hesitating speech, and when in close argument would forget himself, and the 'twang' of his Northern tongue would be very strong. Indeed, he never was quite free from it, although he could not be persuaded that it was possible for anyone to discover by his speech that he was a Northern, and he sometimes got out of humour when told of it. Haydon would laugh at his provoked expression when he twitted him with his Scotch accent, and Wilkie would insist upon his pronunciation being 'pure English.' Haydon would cry out, 'Ha, ha, ha! what a delusion!' and as Wilkie became warm and vexed, his native Scotch was evident enough. Haydon would then repeat and imitate the broad intonation of a particular expression that Wilkie had in his heat allowed to slip out. When he found that he

could not edge off, or get out of it in any way, Wilkie would laugh too, and return the quiz upon the Devonshire peculiarities by saying, 'Well, and *yew tew* are Devon*sheere*, and fancy, like Northcote, that you speak pure English.' And so they would laugh and joke each other in a playful moment of relaxation like two schoolboys. At other times they would consult and argue upon difficult matters connected with their art, and Haydon would be fluent, decided in his propositions, would cite precedents and authorities, and be even audacious in his language, whilst Wilkie with great patience listened, returned again and again to the encounter, and *hammered* in separate words, that seemed difficult of enunciation, and hard to get hold of; but his difficulty and hesitation did not in the least prevent him from following out his side of the argument, which he would put in various forms and lights to persuade or convince his friend, often repeating with a smile the persuasive expression of 'you see,' which, as he had a slight lisp, he would pronounce 'you sthee.'

CHAPTER V.

WORDSWORTH AND UGO FOSCOLO—MISS WORDSWORTH—THE ITALIAN LANGUAGE—THE ITALIAN POET'S RECITATION—FOSCOLO'S CONVERSATION—SELF-DEVOTION—THEORY OF DISINTERESTEDNESS—THE FRESCOES OF MICHAEL ANGELO—PORTRAIT OF FOSCOLO—HOW HE FURNISHED HIS HOUSE IN LONDON—FOSCOLO AND WILKIE—HAZLITT'S LAUGH.

THE next of these autobiographic sketches contains the painter's reminiscences of Wordsworth and Ugo Foscolo, in which national temperament, as exhibited respectively by the English poet and his Italian *confrère*, is very accurately and forcibly discriminated. On the occasion when Bewick met Foscolo, the latter appears to have suggested the first hint of that important task on which Bewick was afterwards employed, namely, that of executing copies from the celebrated frescoes of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel at Rome. The word-picture of the two poets, which the artist draws from life, is very

effective, and we have no reason to doubt in every respect faithful.

Foscolo and Wordsworth.

On one occasion I met the Italian poet and lecturer Ugo Foscolo with Wordsworth and some ladies, at tea at Haydon's in the evening. The contrast between the two poets was remarkable. Our own sat still and collected, philosophic and considerate. His soul seemed full of the religion of poetry. He had dwelt apart, and arrived at convictions through experience and inspiration. His tranquillity was noble and majestic, like the repose of the lion. Conscious strength, with mild reserve, beamed placidly over the features that spoke of content springing from the conviction of Universal Good. His Italian brother poet, volatile and passionate, ever and anon started from his chair, and vapoured about—whirling round the room,—twirling his quizzing glass rapidly in excitement, as if he were suffering under some galvanic influence, expressing by violent action and gestures, as well as in every feature

of his remarkable face; whatever sentiment or proposition he wished to enforce.

One of the ladies present (Miss Wordsworth, I think) began by praising the Italian language, 'for its grace, its force, its suitableness to poetry and to song, its mellifluous sweetness to the ear, merely in sound,' &c. Wordsworth joined in, commending likewise the Italian pronunciation of the Latin language, 'which seemed to him always natural and proper, being emphatic as well as soft,' and, he said, 'he should fancy Milton would have adopted the Italian mode of conversing in Latin, as suiting his own ideas of fulness, rotundity, and power, combined with sweetness;' adding, 'What a treat it would have been to listen to John Milton, the immortal, repeating the poetry of Virgil or of Horace!'

One of the ladies here asked Signor Foscolo to be kind enough to favour the company by repeating a few lines in the pure Italian tongue. The poet very obligingly complied with the request, and rising to his feet, commenced in the manner of the *improvvisatori* of his country, and recited with deep feeling, passion, fire, and pathos, not forgetting the appropriate gesture

of the actor, his own lines, descriptive of himself. They were as follows :—

'Solcata ho fronte ; occhi incavati intenti;
Crin fulvo, emunte guance, ardito aspetto,
Labbri tumidi, arguti, al riso lenti ;
Capo chino, bel collo, irsuto petto :
Membri esatti ; vestir semplice, eletto ;
Ratti i passi, i pensier, gli atti, gli accenti ;
Sobrio, ostinato, umano, ispido, schietto
Avverso al mondo, avversi a me gli eventi :
Mesto i più giorni, e solo ; ognor pensoso
Alle speranze incredulo e al timore ;
Il pudor me fa vile, e prode l' ira.
Parlami astuta la ragion ; ma il core,
Ricco di vizi e di virtù, delira—
Fors'io da morte avrò fama e riposo.' *

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* Translation.

Intent and deep-sunk eyes, a furrowed brow,
Fair hair, thin cheeks are mine, and look possessed ;
Lips full and eloquent, to laughter slow ;
Head bent, and well-formed neck, with shaggy breast ;
Limbs neatly made, simple yet choice in clothes ;
I do the world (fortune doth me oppose) ;
Rapid in movement, action, thought, and word ;
Temperate, yet firm, humane, and fond of truth ;
Most often sad and lonely from my youth ;
Thoughtful ; by hope or terror seldom stirred ;
Shame makes me coward—anger makes me brave ;
Reason speaks sweetly to me, but my heart,
In virtue rich, and vice, doth madly start ;
Perhaps from death I fame and rest shall have.

No description can convey an adequate idea of the oratorical peculiarities of this original and eccentric foreigner, as he gave this portrait of himself, abounding in contrast, of tones, of manner, of action, changing from the mild, placid, or mournful to the spirited, sarcastic, denunciatory, or severe.

No one unused to Italian recitation can form a just conception of it. Haydon's small parlour seemed too confined for the voice, or for the violent gesticulation, of Signor Foscolo. Wordsworth appeared astounded as the Italian proceeded with the description of himself, and seemed to be wondering to what excess this unexpected phrenetic display would lead; and when the poet came to the last four lines, in which the letter *r* is rather frequent, our English poet seemed moved to fear, and opened his mouth and eyes, gasping for breath, so startling was the effect of the shrill trumpet-like voice of the speaker, as it vibrated, sonorous or deep, with the rough sound of the letter *r* rumbling in his throat or rattling on his tongue. The ladies fluttered in tremulous agitation, looking at each other, not without alarm, as this strange original

was acting his wild part before them, throwing himself into all the contortions of which his pliant body was capable, while his voice and expression were equally variable and intense; his 'intent and deep-sunk eyes' darting like lightning, burning in anger, or melting in pensive softness, as occasion required. All this [in so small a sitting-room, and so close to the audience, seemed excess even from an Italian point of view; and when it is thought that it was all about himself, it approached to madness, and the strangers naturally felt alarm lest it should end in some dire fit of insanity. The lady who had innocently induced this display had half repented, but she might afterwards be pleased to have witnessed so singular an exhibition.

Mr. Haydon, being acquainted with the Italian language, and always entering into the enjoyment of an original character like Foscolo's, was in his element, and he cordially thanked the Signor for exerting himself to so much effect. Wordsworth was silent and absorbed. The exhibition, altogether, seemed too much for him; whether it was the difficulty he might feel with the Italian lan-

guage, or that he was puzzled and thrown out of his usual ideas of a quiet chanting mode of recitation, or that he could not make out to his satisfaction what conclusions to draw from this his first interview with the Italian poet.

But the last act of this eventful evening was still to come. After the various little episodes of a social party like this, where free conversation was passing round, and Haydon's small talk to the ladies, with his joyous laugh, was amusing them and making Wordsworth smile, some one having spoken in reply, and by way of badinage, of the beauty of disinterestedness, and the generosity of the nature of man in his undegenerate state, Mr. Foscolo started into life—for this was a subject that seemed to be his hobby—and directing his conversation to his brother poet, aimed some serious blows against the good qualities and virtuous intentions of human nature, insisting that man's actions arose entirely from self-interest, that his motives and springs of action were naturally and unavoidably selfish, traceable to those sources that tended to his benefit or advantage. Upon these premises he grounded his argument,

which appeared as nothing compared with the energy and violence with which he delivered it. Indeed, he seemed unable to speak or converse at all unless he was upon his feet, giving loose to all the parts of his body at once; and, as his thoughts prompted the utterances of his tongue, his whole frame followed in the wake of that marvellous organ; and the louder he spoke, the more violent was the action of his various members. Indeed, his argumentation, or his conversation, was a species of acting, which, upon the stage and at a proper distance, would have been energetic and spirited; though, upon the English stage, it would have been thought overdone. Wordsworth allowed Signor Foscolo to proceed to the end of his reasoning without any interruption, when, finding a pause, he quietly said,—

'Suppose a person had fallen into the water, and there seemed every probability of his being drowned, and another person, entirely a stranger, and by mere chance coming that way, should, without premeditation, or even thought of consequences, jump in to save the

drowning man, and happily, or not, succeed, what interest or benefit could the humane person expect to derive from his saving, or trying to save, the life of a fellow-creature?'

F.—'There is not an instance of a person voluntarily risking his own life to save another, unless in the expectation of reward or benefit in some shape or other.'

W.—'I think there are instances in my own knowledge, and I hope many that I may not be aware of, nor have ever heard of.'

F.—'Ah! no. Impossible!'

W.—'I assure you, Sir, that, in my own knowledge, a case occurred where there could be no expectation of reward or benefit whatever, for the parties were totally unknown to each other; and the disinterested individual who saved the other from a watery grave was not only unknown, but was never seen again in the neighbourhood after the interesting circumstance,—interesting, I may say: for the life so saved was a precious life: it was the son of a poor widow, whose labour was the only support of herself and a numerous small family. I often tried to find out the name of the

heroic preserver of this young man's life, but in vain; nobody had ever seen him before the circumstance happened, nor up to this present moment has he ever been known to appear in the neighbourhood. I could mention other instances of disinterestedness, similar to this one, if necessary, to prove the humanity and instinct of noble self-sacrifice and generosity planted by Providence in the breast of man.'

F.—'Sir, there must be some mistake; it may have been done to satisfy some vain-glory of personal exhibition,—the art of swimming,—or the strength of the swimmer, to receive adulation for the courage, the success.'

W.—'As far as appeared the humane impulse came momentarily, without premeditation, and the feat done, he quitted hastily the scene of his heroism, and no one knew who he was, nor where he came from. Besides, there are many similar acts of noble and disinterested beneficence in the history of man. It would be ungenerous and unchristian to condemn the human race to such narrow bounds, when it is admitted by philosophy and reason that Christian benevolence is natural, that our Maker

has bestowed upon us impulses of generous sympathy,—of heartfelt tenderness towards our kind.'

All this was uttered in the quiet solemnity peculiar to Wordsworth, as if dictated by profound conviction of its truth. His brother poet listened with attention, for Wordsworth's manner was impressive. But no sooner had he concluded his observations, with the seeming satisfaction of having performed a duty, than his opponent (for the conversation now took the semblance of disputation) sprang upon his feet, eyed the philosophic poet at the opposite side of the room, for a moment only,—

> 'Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
> Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved;'

then walking up directly in front of his antagonist, deliberately doubled his fist, and held it in Wordsworth's face, close to his nose, staring at him with his curious Chinese eyes, and crying, or bawling rather, in rude emphasis,—

'Bah! It is all to satisfy self, Sir, to please self, to gratify self-love or pride, to have

the satisfaction of performing something that will in his expectation be substantially rewarded, or secure the gratification of the passion of self-esteem ; and in this way the effect revolves and turns round—what you call ?—to meet the pleasure of self,—the doer of it,—derived, in the first instance, from the impulse of anticipation or expectancy of recompense ; and in the second place, of self-gratification, vanity, pride, ambition, or the innumerable small selfish passions in the breast of man.'

Having uttered these *liberal* sentiments with the vehemence natural to the Italian, holding his clenched fist all the time in our poet's face, he started off suddenly with a triumphant wave of his extended hand, and spinning quickly round the circle of the company, he nodded as he passed each his self-satisfaction, as if he had quite confounded his adversary, tossing and twirling his quizzing-glass the whole time in agitation and excitement. The self-complacency and apparent conceit could only be equalled by a Malvolio; and as he repeated his circuitous turns round

and round, the ladies drew in their feet and costume, not a little apprehensive, for they were shocked at the liberty taken with a gentleman of such moderation and mildness as Mr. Wordsworth, however amused they might be at the novel antics of the foreign poet.

Mr. Haydon put on an expression of alarm when Foscolo stepped up to Wordsworth with so little ceremony; and although an excellent conversationalist, seemed inclined to allow the argument to be fought out between the literary gentlemen, enjoying the high treat of the contrast of character in these two gifted men.

Whilst Signor Foscolo was executing his rapid gyrations within the circle of the company, Wordsworth remained unmoved, and I observed he shut both eyes, as if looking inwards to collect and digest arguments so contradictory to his own convictions, and so unfavourable to his view of humanity, and I perceived he breathed a faint sigh within himself. There was now a pause, and silence pervaded the company. I ventured to observe that I could have wished for the presence of

Mr. Coleridge, as the subject of conversation put me in mind of what he said to Mr. Hazlitt in *The Valley of Rocks*, where the fisherman gave an account of a boy who had been drowned the day before, and whom they had tried to save at the risk of their own lives. He said 'he did not know how it was that they ventured, but, Sir, we have a *nature* towards one another.' This expression, Coleridge remarked to Hazlitt, was a fine illustration of that theory of disinterestedness which he (in common with Butler) had adopted.

Signor Foscolo bent his eye upon me, but did not deign to make further remark, and Wordsworth opened his eyes and smiled to me, saying, in low and subdued tones, 'Well, I must and do believe that there are such things existing as sincere disinterestedness, philanthropy, and even patriotism.' He then came and took a seat beside me, and told me how pleased he had been with my drawings from Raphael's Cartoons and the Elgin Marbles that he had seen exhibited, and what desire he had to see similar comprehensive copies from the celebrated frescoes of Michael Angelo, such as the

Prophets and Sibyls, and the compositions from the Sistine Chapel at Rome. 'Angelo,' he said, 'is the great epic painter, the poet executing his high imaginings with the pencil; no one touches the hem of his garment in that lofty comprehensiveness that soars beyond the regions of commonplace, adding ideality and greatness to ordinary forms, giving sublimity and distinctive character to what in other hands might only be dramatic. Although I appreciate, and I hope can admire sufficiently, the beauties of Raphael's transcendent genius—and let us observe that in him there are no inanities—yet we must brace the sinews, so to speak, of our comprehension to grapple with the grandeur and sublimity of thought and imagination, the epic greatness, of Michael Angelo, who has the merit of eclipsing in these respects, as well as in the difficulties and technicalities of his art, every other artist that had preceded him;—I mean of that epoch. And we must not forget that it was the splendour, the brilliance, the superlative lustre of this sun of Art, that shone, and enlightened with new and ennobling impressions and enlarged conceptions the re-

fined, pure intelligence and the beautiful soul —if I am permitted to say so,—of Raphael. The brighter luminary glanced, as it were, a ray of its peculiar force to the already divinely-endowed genius, and added a new lustre to that already there. It was an additional ray of sunlight into the prism of genius, which *there* blended with other bright hues, strengthening the glittering beauties that sparkled in their primitive modesty, delicate and sensitive. Raphael was strengthened, both morally and physically, by Michael Angelo, for by him his mind expanded, his hand was emboldened, and he depicted his conceptions with greater power and distinctive character; and what, perhaps, is extraordinary, without diminishing in the least his wonted delicacy, or grace, or refinement.'

Mr. Wordsworth seemed greatly relieved from a metaphysical dispute so disagreeably conducted, and smiled with pleasure in dwelling upon the beauties of art and the poetry of painting. It seemed balm to him to return to social converse and pleasant themes. 'Let me take this opportunity,' he said to me, 'to express my admiration of those beautiful works by your

namesake, the engravings on wood, transcripts of nature, that I look at with ever-recurring pleasure, and wonder at the variety and texture the artist has contrived to produce upon such difficult material. I hope, when you have an opportunity, you will not forget to make my compliments and respects to Mr. Bewick.'

Perhaps it may be interesting, and not out of place, if I quote here a description of the person of our English poet, by one who knew him well. 'Mr. Wordsworth, in his person, is above the middle size, with marked features, and an air somewhat stately and quixotic. He reminds one of some of Holbein's heads, grave, saturnine, with a slight indication of sly humour, kept under by the manners of the age or by the pretensions of the person. He has a peculiar sweetness in his smile, and great depth and manliness and a rugged harmony in the tones of his voice. His manner of reading his own poetry is particularly imposing; and in his favourite passages his eye beams with preternatural lustre, and the meaning labours slowly up from his swelling breast. No one who has seen him at these moments could go away with

an impression that he was a "man of no mark or likelihood." Perhaps the comment of his face and voice is necessary to convey a full idea of his poetry. His language may not be intelligible, but his manner is not to be mistaken. It is clear that he is either mad or inspired. In company, even in a *tête-à-tête*, Mr. Wordsworth is often silent, indolent, and reserved. If he is become verbose and oracular of late years, he was not so in his better days. He threw out a bold or an indifferent remark without either effort or pretension, and relapsed into musing again. He shone most (because he seemed most roused and animated) in reciting his own poetry, or in talking about it. He sometimes gave striking views of his feelings and trains of association in composing certain passages. If one did not always understand his distinctions, still there was no want of interest — there was a latent meaning worth inquiring into, like a vein of ore that one cannot exactly hit upon at the moment, but of which there are sure indications.

'In art, he greatly esteems Bewick's woodcuts and Waterloo's etchings. But he some-

times takes a higher tone, and gives his mind fair play. We have known him enlarge with a noble intelligence and enthusiasm on Nicolas Poussin's fine landscape compositions, pointing out the unity of design that pervades them, the superintending mind, the imaginative principle that brings all to bear on the same end; and declaring he would not give a rush for any landscape that did not express the time of day, the climate, the period of the world it was meant to illustrate, or had not this character of *wholeness* in it. His eye also does justice to Rembrandt's fine and masterly effects. In the way in which that artist works something out of nothing, and transforms the stump of a tree, a common figure, into an ideal object, by the gorgeous light and shade thrown upon it, he perceives an analogy to his own mode of investing the minute details of nature with an atmosphere of sentiment; and in pronouncing Rembrandt to be a man of genius, feels that he strengthens his own claim to the title. Those persons who look upon Mr. Wordsworth as a merely puerile writer, must be rather at a loss to account for

his strong predilection for such geniuses as Dante and Michael Angelo.'*

Like Mr. Wordsworth, Signor Foscolo in his person was above the middle height, but in every other respect he differed greatly. He was, to be sure, rather bony, but then he was wiry, alert, energetic, wild, and betimes uncontrollable. If, as Mr. Hazlitt says, Wordsworth seemed 'either mad or inspired,' the Italian poet was ever in a *ravissante* posture, ready for attack, always in extremes and excess. *His* madness never seemed the inspiration, but rather the vexed passion, of the Muse,—the boiling, lashing surge of a stormy sea, tossed by unknown or unapparent causes, which might be lying at the bottom of his own fiery temperament.

He never appeared, like Wordsworth, to 'relapse into musing,' but was ever on the watch, like some untamed animal of the Abbruzzi, who waits the moment of attack, and spring upon his game with ferocity and rage,

'By anger brave,'

* Hazlitt's *Spirit of the Age.*

—as he says of himself. After mauling his adversary with loud and fiery dashes of his withering tongue, he thinks he has destroyed him, or his argument, and whirls about the circle of the company in triumphant bombast, as much as to say, 'See the extraordinary power of superior genius over this quiescent and spiritless antagonist.' But he mistook his man when he assailed Wordsworth, for he was a real John Bull; he came again 'to the argument,' and by quiet unimpassioned facts confuted his sounding words and flighty brawling, his solemn tranquillity even seeming to enrage him the more.

It cannot be said that Ugo Foscolo possessed 'marked features' in the sense Mr. Hazlitt means of Wordsworth, yet he had something distinctive in his features, although his face was not an uncommon one. His face was long with 'thin cheeks,' as he describes, and down the middle of these straggled a narrow strip of grizzly, sandy-red whiskers, coming in a point to the corners of his mouth. His eyes were like those represented in Chinese figures, the outer corners running upwards, as

Haydon said 'like those of a fox,'—deep-sunk and piercing, unsympathising, electrical eyes that you did not encounter with inclination or pleasure. His smile was odd, it was that vacant, unmeaning, and painful smile seen in insanity; you could not return it, but might wonder what it meant. As to his wardrobe being 'choice,' I did not perceive anything remarkably elegant or select in his apparel; his coat hung upon him as if it had been made for another person (perhaps *home-made*), the tails came together, pushing each other outwards, forming the letter V.

Signor Foscolo told how he had economised in furnishing his house in London, by purchasing wood, and having his chairs and tables, drawers and bedsteads, made in the house by 'day work.' The same was the case with the carpets and curtains, having women to sew them, &c. He told us what he had saved by this plan, and, looking very sinister, recommended it to others about to furnish. Haydon praised the thrift, but laughed afterwards at the idea of his filling his house with workpeople, shavings, and saw-

dust, and occupying his time in running round the town, cheapening materials at the wood-merchants' and the drapers' shops. 'Better far,' he said, 'had he gone to a furniture-broker's and bought second-hand furniture, with all the live-stock into the bargain.'

What different impressions the personal appearance of men make upon different individuals! I am reminded of this by the following circumstances, and by a certain similarity between Foscolo and Wilkie. They were both tall, both had sandy-coloured reddish hair, both were of manners unusual in society; but how opposite! what a contrast! — One was fiery, impetuous, restless; — the other gaunt, awkward, nervous, — slow to speak or to move, — painfully cautious and reserved, seldom caught approaching to enthusiasm, even about his art, in which he was so eminent. His finely proportioned and beautifully formed hands, a lady told me, were the only part about him to praise. From Foscolo's portrait of himself in his sonnet, you would think that he was an Apollo. Again, if we read the description of Wilkie's person by his countryman, Mr. Allan Cunningham, he ap-

pears an Adonis, with golden locks, curling and clustering round his beautiful face. While the housekeeper at Castle Howard, Mrs. Flynn, thus describes his visit to the Castle:—

'Mr. Wilkie came down here to the Castle to see the pictures, and the only words he spoke to me were—"When does Lord Carlisle dine?" His Lordship being told of the strange question Mr. Wilkie, a stranger, had asked, flew into a passion, and was highly offended, observing, "What does the fellow mean?—does he want to dine with *me?* I think my steward or housekeeper may content him." Now people of genius—clever people—are generally treated with great attention and proper consideration both by my Lord and Lady, but in consequence of this unusual question Mr. Wilkie was never invited to remain. But, bless me! did you ever see such an ugly creature? Forgive me, but Mr. Wilkie is the ugliest man I ever saw in my life—red hair, eyes like boiled gooseberries, staring at one as if he had never seen a woman before!—with not one word of civility to anybody. Now my dear friend, Mr. Jackson, was not, to be sure, to be called good-looking; nay,

he was ordinary; but then he made himself agreeable to everybody. Poor fellow! he used to take his morning walk there upon the lawn, before beginning to paint, always wishing me good morning, with some pleasant observations, and everybody here would have been glad to do anything for him. The family were all kind to him, and my Lord took an interest in all he did. This house, indeed, was like a home for him. Mr. Jackson was not very particular in his dress, although he was a tailor's son; and when he painted my dear little Lady Mary (called in the Exhibition, and in the engravings, "The Rose of Castle Howard"), he placed her upon a table, and the spirited little thing, not liking to stand cooped up so long, got out of humour with the painter, plumped upon Mr. Jackson's waistcoat, abused him for wearing such an ugly colour,—a vulgar pattern, which "she could not bear the sight of," and begged him to go and change it. The patient artist laughed at the dear little creature's discrimination, affected petulance, and promised he would change it if she would only stand a little longer in the right position, and so he managed

to humour and coax her, till he produced that beautiful picture of her that is the admiration of every one. Yes, Mr. Jackson was only the son of a Malton tailor, and he is a Royal Academician, as they call them. I thought at first that Mr. Wilkie was perhaps the son of some of those poverty-stricken Scotch *lairds*, with more shabby pride in their heads than money in their pockets; but I understand he is the son of a Scotch clergyman, and it is a pity but his father had taught him a little more of Christian humility and good manners, so as not to come from Scotland here to a great house like this, and expect to dine with my Lord, *even without an invitation.* Now, there is my dear young Lord, he is not handsome, but what can exceed his goodness, his amiability, his condescension, and his gentlemanly courtesy? My young Lord is beloved by all classes, wherever he goes. Such is the difference of breeding, of birth, of a natural sense of propriety, that is given to gentle natures, not to speak of nobility.'

The good and sensible Mrs. Flynn, taking offence as his Lordship himself did at the strange question as to 'my Lord's time of

dining;' saw Wilkie under a different aspect, and under different influences, from his countryman, Mr. Allan Cunningham, though it is more likely Sir David (then Mr. Wilkie) asked the question with a view to avoid my Lord's dinner-hour, rather than that he was guilty of such an impropriety, so unlike his modesty and his independent spirit, as to desire to intrude into a family circle without invitation.

Having arranged to sit to Haydon for his picture the next day, I went to him accordingly, and after that rather tedious business was over he asked me to accompany him to Mr. Hazlitt's, to give him a description of the extraordinary exhibition we had witnessed the night before between Foscolo and Wordsworth. Mr. Haydon told exactly what had occurred, and how timid and alarmed the ladies appeared at the gesticulations and violent manner of Foscolo. Hazlitt laughed his curious laugh, a sort of hysteric shout—a quick 'Ah! ah!' stopping suddenly. He was much amused, and laughed at Wordsworth's *sang-froid*, saying, 'He was right to hold to the last, when he was in the right.' I asked if he did not suppose that

Hobbes or Helvetius was present at Mr. Haydon's? He replied, 'Well, either of those gentlemen would probably have taken the same side of the question; but I hope that for the sake of good manners, to say nothing of philosophy, they would have listened with more fairness and reasonable calmness to what such a person as my friend Wordsworth would have to say upon any subject that he thought it worth while to trouble himself to speak about.'

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CHAPTER VI.

BEWICK'S LITERARY STYLE—REFLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY THE MEMORY OF HAZLITT—INTELLECTUAL AND SOCIAL CHARACTER OF THE ESSAYIST—VEHEMENCE OF HIS PASSION—POLITICAL TENDENCIES—HAZLITT'S HOUSE—BENTHAM—MILTON—HAZLITT AS A CONVERSATIONALIST—RAPHAEL—MICHAEL ANGELO, DANTE, MILTON, AND HOMER—TITIAN—ABSENCE OF MIND.

It is by no means improbable that his familiarity with Hazlitt's characteristic sketches of poets, essayists, and painters, may have had considerable influence in suggesting to Bewick the idea of these literary portraits of his contemporaries, the presentment of which is in all respects so vivid. If so, the following chapter on Hazlitt himself, whom he knew not only by his writings, but by intimate personal intercourse, must be regarded as so much the more interesting. Perhaps in some respects the ambition to imitate the great English essayist, or some similar type of literary excellence, has tended to

lead him away from that simplicity and directness of style which would have rendered his portraits so much the more truthful, and from which it is probable he would not have departed if he had trusted to his own instead of to foreign inspiration. The influence of Hazlitt is nowhere more apparent than in Bewick's sketch of that eloquent writer.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

Man is said to be

> 'The paragon of animals,'

because of his intelligence, but if in 'action' he may be compared to a Deity, his frailties and unaccountable inequalities reduce him to the level of imperfect beings. Well has it been said, 'What a want of harmony there is between man and the other works of God; how imperfect and unfinished, as it were, is man; how the mind longs, struggles to penetrate the mysteries of its being; how imperfect and without aim does life sometimes seem! Everything besides man seems to reach its utmost perfection. Man alone appears a thing incomplete and faulty.

Other things and beings are finished and complete—man alone is left, as it were, half made up. A tree grows and bears fruit, and the end of its creation is answered. A complete circle is run. It is the same with the animals. No one expects more from a lion or a horse than is found in both. But with man it is not so. In no period of history, and among no people, has it been satisfactorily determined what man is, or what are the limits of his capacity and being. He is full of contradictions, and incomprehensible in his organisation. For while every other affection finds rest in its appropriate object, which fully satisfies and fills it, the desire of unlimited improvement, and of long life —the strongest of all the desires — alone is answered by no corresponding object. And man would seem a monster in creation — compared with other things an abortion—and in himself, and compared with himself, an enigma, a riddle which no human wit has ever solved, or can ever hope to solve. And when we think of the great and good of other times, and of what the mind of man has in them accomplished, we feel that he has been made not altogether

unworthy of a longer life and a happier lot than earth frequently affords.'

Such are the reflections that apply, aptly enough, to the memory of one of the brightest 'spirits of the age' — for in his intellectual strength, his frailties, and his inequalities, William Hazlitt was indeed 'an enigma and a riddle.'

If he was a scholar, philosopher, and subtle metaphysician, a severe critic and sarcastic politician, he was also a lover of truth for its own sake, and his mind was free and independent, and breathed the spirit of liberty in every form of language. He could discriminate and appreciate the beauties of nature—feel the charms and amenities of refined taste in poetry and art. To simplicity and genuineness of character were added the eccentricities of a wayward and impressive temperament, original genius, boundless stores of knowledge and of thought. A brilliant imagination and discriminating refinement gave him a power of language that surprised, if it did not charm, the world of literature and of criticism.

'With all this varied intelligence and intellectual ability, the reader will see by what

follows, how strange and unaccountable often were his actions; in what relation he stood to the great family of mankind. For though odd, and quaint, he was not a misanthrope; he loved the companionship of man and the exchange of intellectual thought, was gentle and tender to the feelings of others, and guarded against giving offence to those he associated with. He was besides the most patient listener, and would consider and weigh the observations of the youngest and most inexperienced; indeed, he seemed ever anxious to draw forth the opinions of the modest and retiring genius. Although the scope of his mind and turn of thought were original, and his manner simple, he carried about him the air and bearing of a scholar, and if he was unquestionably impulsive, he still possessed a mental reservation, so that he was, as I have said, 'full of contradictions.'

It so happened that I saw a good deal of this remarkable man, at the best period, perhaps, of his life and fame, and I will endeavour to remember and note down such incidents as are likely to illustrate his character, or are in-

teresting as throwing light on the history of one of the distinguished literary men of the time.

William Hazlitt was one of the most unaffected men I have ever met with, undisciplined and unrestrained by the rules and usages of society. One may have observed the vagaries of pretenders, or, still more, the excesses of imbecility; but these are explicable and contemptible enough. What was remarkable in Hazlitt was the simplicity and spontaneity of all his strangeness, and if he gave way to vehemence of passion or irritation, or was melted into moods of softer and even amatory emotions, he never attempted to conceal in the least his feelings, or repress the expression of them, just as if he believed all the world sympathised with his indignation, his jealousy, his romantic attachments, or his wrongs. It excited sorrow and pain to see a man of such intelligence, with features so capable of expressing the varied emotions of his too sensitive nature, lash himself into terrible bursts of uncontrollable rage, the effect of his excitable nervous temperament, where the slightest discord vibrated to his inmost soul, while it found no echo in the

breasts of others, who could only gaze with wonder as at a frenzied being, amazed by the violence of the physical action which followed the phases of his mental excitement, at the expression of his features, and at his burning language.

Surely human face could not be more exquisitely formed for expression of the passions, equally capable of exhibiting the softer, tender emotions of the soul, with the sudden flashes and fury of turbulent anger.

In all the freaks of his wayward character, his wonderfully endowed organisation was ruled by the omnipotence of mind, and his excitable temperament, played upon like some stringed instrument, was moved to tenderness or intensity by the very slightest touch or variation of Nature, so that it might be said that this over-sensitive being was led on the uneven tenor of his way by the uncertain 'music of the spheres.' Yet, in his soul, dwelt supreme the love of freedom and intellectual independence; and if he toiled for the liberty and happiness of the human race, though he might receive small thanks for his endeavours,

his courage never wavered. His nature seemed to revèl in attacking and upsetting what he conceived to be the despotism of mankind; and thus was engendered a hatred to the assumed *Divine Right of Kings*, for he deemed that assumption little less than blasphemy. In all his propositions, his criticism, and his political bias, he was sincere in his convictions, and expressed himself accordingly in vivid and eloquent language peculiarly his own.

I have no distinct recollection of my first interview with Hazlitt. It was probably at Haydon's; but I remember well being taken, for the first time, by Haydon to Hazlitt's residence in Westminster; that house so remarkable and interesting as having been the abode of Milton.

The house was curious. The entrance was a sort of porch opening to a small anteroom, with very red brick floor and upright posts, that one rubbed one's shoulders against, and the staircase was narrow and dark. The room where Hazlitt received us was, as he informed us, in the same condition that it had been in Milton's time; the same dull-white painted wainscot, the

same windows looking into a garden-like piece of ground, tricked out into grass-plots, shrubberies, and winding walks, with two noble trees crossing the windows. From these windows might occasionally be seen the celebrated lawgiver Bentham, shuffling along in loose *déshabille*, his shirt-neck thrown open, the strings of his knee-breeches hanging about his shrunk legs, his loose habit of a coat seeming too large for his short puffy body. He staggered along with faltering steps, as if he would be tripped up by the least pebble or interruption in his way. We could hear distinctly his chirpy, garrulous voice, in broken treble tones or shrill uncertain sounds, answering to questions put to him by his companion, a spruce and well-adjusted divine, as they sauntered together in the open walks or leafy bowers, conversing, it is not improbable, upon the laws of the universe or ecclesiastical polity.

The contrast between the two individuals was remarkable enough, and seemed to indicate the past and the present age. The one scrambled along decrepit and negligent; the other trimmed and *débonnair*, in scuttle-hat, silk stockings, and silver buckles, paced elegantly

with measured steps, as if walking to music. My fancy suggested that this clerical person might be a Paley, a Barrington, or a Bowles.

Seated, as I was, in that ancient chamber, once the honoured abode of the epic poet, and where I imagined he probably hymned and sung of Paradise,

> 'I beheld the poet blind, yet bold,
> In slender book his vast design unfold:
> Messiah crown'd, God's reconcil'd decree,
> Rebelling angels, the forbidden tree,
> Heav'n, hell, earth, chaos, all.' *

Overcome by emotions so profound and absorbing, I could picture to myself the imaginary groups that once dwelt or assembled here. I saw them, as they might have appeared in the quaint costumes and manners of the time, surrounding the venerable poet and his graceful daughters, with his Quaker friend Elwood. The air of the place seemed harmonised to sounds of heavenly music, as of the organ, in tones large, round, and full, expressive of the poet's verse.

It was an effort to recall my attention from the indulgence of imaginary conceptions to the

* Andrew Marvel.

reality, and to the conversation of the two living friends before me. I remember well how silent I was, how engrossed my mind and faculties were during this, to me, memorable first interview at Hazlitt's residence.

The critic and essayist, like the painter, was a fluent conversationalist, and their candour and tone of intercourse were respectful and cordial; and however spirited their language, there was always that gentlemanly deference that characterised the minds of both. They spoke of books, of Waverley, comparing the author with Richardson, Addison, Madame d'Arblay, &c., with the French and Spanish novelists. But to this I need not further allude, as Mr. Hazlitt has himself given his sentiments on these subjects in another place.

Hazlitt was ever urging the painter into questions and debate about art, and when it did not seem agreeable (as it seldom was) for Haydon to acquiesce in this, he would start off upon his own views and opinions, and Haydon listened with great attention to his fresh and vigorous observations on the practice of the art, and his just and discriminating conclusions on the Italian

schools of painting. The author was now artist, now politician or metaphysician, and with his vast and varied stores of knowledge illustrated in perspicuous language the sentiments and opinions he wished to convey. Happily for me, I could appreciate the part of his charming conversation which related to art. It excited my enthusiasm and inflamed my ambition, when with passion and emotion he 'confessed that his bias, his great love, was ART. He turned to *it* as the sunflower turns to the sun. And if he had to express his greatest ambition, it would be that his son should become a great painter, as he himself had unfortunately not become. Indeed, his own great thirst of fame was to be great in art. To be a great painter, he thought, above all other divine inspirations!'

He dilated upon Raphael, calling him 'the heaven-born!' 'the divinely-inspired!' 'celestial creature!' He questioned if the 'gentleness of Shakespeare' could be compared to 'the sweetness of Raphael's nature,' and with somewhat of bitterness said,—

'It is curious that Michael Angelo, Milton, Dante, and perhaps Homer, the great epic minds.

should have been alike so persecuted during their lives. The first was harassed and unhappy by the jealousies and cabals of artists and their conflicting interests (for he had his nose broken by one of them in envy of his great powers), and by the intrigues of priestcraft, often interrupting his great works. Indeed he had to fly for his life, and place himself under the protection of another state. Milton, too, had his domestic ills, his political broils, was in daily fear of assassination, was compelled to hide himself, and had a mock burial to save him from the scaffold. So of Dante. Of Homer we know less. But is it not hard to think of these things, that men of genius, so elevated by nature, by endowment, above the capacity of other creatures, their inferiors in mental qualities, should be left at the sport of untoward circumstances, or be played upon at the mercy of grovelling incapacity, through the jealousy of a lower grade of mankind? May we not be permitted to look for aid and protection from the Creator of such rare and mighty minds—of beings, by comparison almost superhuman? If posterity mourn the sad hours of suffering, of bitter, because unmerited, persecution, we have

at least the works, the sublime imaginings, of these inspired beings, left to us that we may judge of their merits and deserts, and venerate the memory of the exalted in retribution of their ignoble and despised persecutors.'

He would then branch off, with evident delight to himself as well as his hearers, into a discursive flight among the great painters of different epochs and countries, observing,—

'After all, I would rather be Titian than even Raphael, or Michael Angelo, or Correggio; and why? Because Titian has gone beyond all the painters of his own or any other time or country. He dipped his pencil in the gorgeous tints and tones of soul-subduing harmony, rich and full and fresh, and ripe as autumn fruit. His was a mastery of the scale of colour, and that, too, laid on, pencilled, in such perfection of execution, such wonderful manipulation, as to be a mystery and a lesson to all painters of future times. It is to Titian we attribute the perfection of the painter's art, and it is in that my soul is wrapt—enchained—in wondering admiration.' I have to express too, in all humility, my competitive incapacity, having tried with all

the ardour and devotion I was capable of, to come near the rich brilliance and depth of this great painter's works, by copying them in the Louvre.

'Others have imagined finer compositions, more sublime conceptions, as some of the "Prophets" and "Sibyls" of Michael Angelo. Perhaps nothing has equalled, in epic grandeur and exalted thought, his "Jeremiah mourning the Destruction of Jerusalem," his whole body weighed and drooping like

"An aged tree surcharged with showers."

His "Prophet Joel," and the "Cumean Sibyl," are fine. All these grand conceptions are marked by distinctive character, intensity of expression, and are the work of a great master-mind. It was to this great man alone the privilege of the epic in art was given. None have touched his greatness.

'The "Paul Preaching" and the "Transfiguration" of Raphael, with some others, are noble compositions, and full of dramatic interest and fine expression, but are they so perfect in the painter's art? The fresco of Michael Angelo,

and the cartoons of Raphael, are not, perhaps, fair comparisons, but the "Transfiguration" of Raphael is an oil-picture, and although there is refined and inimitable expression—the figure of the Saviour finely balanced, suspended, or ascending in the air, with the floating lightness of a bird, and the figure of St. John, all propriety, and beautifully graceful—yet all these fine things, to my mind, are inferior in execution and colour to the Titian, to that perfection of the painter's art that I have alluded to.'

'Haydon assented, with some reservation as to the distinction of class, style, and purpose for which the works were executed, and perhaps Mr. Hazlitt had not appreciated this distinction. However, I wished to endeavour to remember his peculiar opinions as to Titian, and to record them.

When Hazlitt perceived Bentham enter the garden, he paused in his conversation, looking earnestly out of the window, and pointing him out, said, 'Ah! that is the great lawgiver, Bentham; a remarkable man: he would make laws for the whole universe, but, as the sailors say, "he doesn't allow for the wind."'

Upon hearing a noise at the door, and perceiving his only child creeping in upon all fours, he jumped up from his seat, ran to him, and clasping his boy in his arms, hugged, and kissed, and caressed him, like some ardent loving mother with her first-born.

The room we were in, I may remark, was in keeping with the general negligence and peculiarity of Hazlitt's habits. There was little furniture, no appearance of books, no pictures or prints of any kind whatever! — a confusion and apparent want of comfort and domestic order reigned in the apartment. Over the mantelshelf, upon the wainscot, instead of picture or looking-glass, there was written, in good bold hand (Hazlitt's own writing) as high up as he could reach and covering the whole space, all manner of odd conceits (as they appeared to be), of abbreviations,—words,—names,—enigmatical exclamations, — strange and queer sentences, quotations,—snatches of rhyme,—bits of arithmetical calculations,—scraps of Latin,—French expressions, — words or signs by which the author might spin a chapter, or weave an elaborate essay. The chimneypiece seemed to

be his tablet of mnemonics,—his sacred hieroglyphics,—all jotted down without line, or form of any kind, some horizontal, some running up to the right, some down to the left, and some obliquely. They seemed thoughts and indications of things to be remembered, put down on the instant, and I concluded that this room might not be his study, but his living-room.

When we took our leave my companion observed to me:—

'What a remarkable man!—how profound and abstruse he can be!—he touches the most difficult subjects with a master-mind,—how he must have studied, and refined upon those subtle questions he delights to argue,—with what fine, and expressive language he clothes his thoughts, and one is as much astonished as delighted that a being so wayward and uncertain can pursue with constancy abstract speculations and investigations that seem to give zest or energy to his curious mind. He delights in metaphysics, as he does in art. His odd manner, and absence of mind, are peculiarities grown with his nature. What a curious organ-

isation! — what a strange mixture of genius and eccentricity,—of mental power and uncertainty of purpose, — of 'imagination all compact,' and the negation of realities about him. Keats says that a poet has nothing poetical about him; here is romance and poetry both in a living prose-writer! I do enjoy the conversation and sincerity of Hazlitt, perhaps more than any one else; he is natural,—unaffected,—expresses himself with a frankness, impetuosity, and passion, that arrest one's attention and secure one's confidence, he sympathises with one's Art-notions too, and is on the whole the best conversationalist (except one) that I know.

'I will tell you of one of the many instances that I know of his absence of mind. When that little boy of his was to be christened, and the day appointed for the ceremony, all preparations made, and a pheasant provided by him, as an extra-course for dinner, the friends and sponsors all arrived and waiting for the officiating minister, the time passing agreeably and rapidly away, some one, who began to apprehend the chances of a dilemma, suggested the question, whether the clergyman had been

informed of the necessity of his attendance? When our author, first in some confusion, then blank dismay, confessed that there might be some probability of his having forgotten to give that piece of information, so necessary to the consummation of their intended business. He then fell to accusations of himself, of his incomprehensible stupidity, that he never had the least thought of what was proper, &c. &c., adding with more good nature, "Well, never mind; it is too late, I suppose, now, to correct my folly in this affair: let us at all events enjoy the christening-dinner, even without the ministerial ceremony."

CHAPTER VII.

HAZLITT (CONTINUED)—CONVERSATION ON ART—ARGUMENT BETWEEN WILKIE AND HAYDON—PAINTERS GOSSIPING ABOUT ART—A PAINTING FROM LIFE—REMBRANDT'S HEADS—TITIAN'S FLESH-COLOURS—'JACOB'S DREAM'—HAZLITT IN A GAME AT TENNIS—SIR ANTHONY CARLISLE, PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY—HAZLITT AT THE SURREY INSTITUTION.

I OFTEN met Hazlitt at Haydon's, and had good opportunity of observing his character, of witnessing the wonderful power and varied resources of his mind. He was apt to brood over metaphysical difficulties, and in his abstract deductions was never certain, he said, that he made himself understood. His company was always acceptable to Haydon, and he came occasionally on Sundays, bringing some of his lucubrations, which he would, at a fitting opportunity, and with modest awkwardness, draw from his coat-pocket. Then explaining the

subject of his paper, he would read it with feeling and freshness, as though it engrossed all his mind. Glancing occasionally to observe what effect his language had upon his hearers, he would sometimes rise from his seat, and in the interest of the subject pour forth in impassioned tones, excited expression, and animated action, the violence of his emotion. It was in this way he read his Letter to Gifford, —The Description of a Prize Fight,—On the Death of Kavannah, &c. &c. If the paper so read seemed to have the desired effect, he would send it to the press.

Haydon could seldom be induced to converse about art, and Hazlitt seemed glad, on the occasion of meeting Wilkie, to draw both painters into argument upon this subject. The question he introduced was unimportant, if not foolish, as stated by Hazlitt, 'Whether a particular set of colours arranged on a painter's palette did not influence his style of art?—so much so, indeed, as to be a question whether any artist would not have painted in the same style, scale of colour, and peculiarities, with any given palette, —say, for instance, of Titian, Rubens, or Rem-

brandt,—and that a painter, with the palette so set of any one of these three, would have painted in the precise style of Titian, Rubens, or Rembrandt?'

Wilkie was first appealed to, and 'thought certainly that any one, with the particular set of colours and varied tints peculiar to Titian, or those of Rubens or Rembrandt, would be so influenced as to paint in the same style and colouring as these great artists. That is, suppose a palette with the *peculiar* and *particular* primitive colours, so arranged, with gradations of tints and variations, that palette would so influence his taste, his mind, his ideas, and his "feeling" for contrast and harmony, that he would indeed be induced to paint in the style and manner of the painter to whom that particular palette of colours had belonged.'

Haydon smiled, and shook his head, as disagreeing with Wilkie. Hazlitt pushed and provoked the argument by all the eloquence and energy of which he was capable, in favour of Wilkie's seeming views; and however preposterous and absurd the proposition, the controversy was carried on for some time.

It is probable that Hazlitt commenced the argument only to hear what the two great painters would offer in support or rejection of the question. Or, he might be curious to witness a combat of words between two persons so eminent for expressing their ideas by the pencil. Be this as it may, he seemed quite serious in the whole affair, and enjoyed the fray; putting in a few words of encouragement or provocation on the one side or the other, fidgeting and smiling with delight when any difficulty seemed apparent in the argument. He seemed, too, highly amused at the dissimilitude of the two characters before him. Haydon was energetic, explanatory, voluble, and eager to convince; whilst Wilkie, on the contrary, was slow, dry, caustic, cautious, keeping much on the defensive, and when pushed hard would return to his argument in strong Scotch intonation. Although the great painter of 'Reading the Will' and 'The Pensioners' seemed to do his best in debating this extraordinary proposition, yet it appeared possible that he had taken that side of the fray to humour Hazlitt, whom he seldom met, and might wish to propitiate. When, however, the

heat of debate had partly subsided, and there was a pause, Hazlitt turned to me, who had been a silent listener during the whole time, and asked, 'Well, Sir, what do you say to this interesting question?'

'If you will permit me,' I replied, 'to repeat an anecdote of what is recorded to have occurred to the two celebrated painters, Vandyck and Frank Hals, perhaps it may illustrate your present question. When Vandyck visited Frank Hals at Haerlem, he introduced himself as a gentleman on his travels who wished to have his portrait painted, and had only two hours to spare. Hals, who was hurried away from the tavern, took the first canvas that lay in his reach, and sat down to work in a very expeditious manner. He shortly desired the sitter to look at what he had done. Vandyck seemed pleased with what he saw, and told Hals that such work appeared so very easy he thought he could do it himself. He took the palette and pencils, made Hals sit down, and in a short time he painted his portrait, but the moment Hals cast his eyes on it he cried out in astonishment, that no hand except that of Vandyck

could work so wonderfully. Thus, the palette and colours of Hals did not tend to produce his, or any style, but that of Vandyck himself.'

Haydon smiled at me in satisfaction, and Wilkie opened his mouth and eyes, and looked at me in silence, though pleasantly. Hazlitt said in soft and subdued tones, and with kindness, 'Ah! *that is* indeed to the point, Sir; but as I never heard of it before, I hope it is true?'

'It is quite true,' replied Haydon.

Wilkie still seemed inclined to hammer out in his hesitating way some proposition, and began discriminating his subtle niceties in his northern accent, for he was rather fond of puzzles in debate; and as he was circumspect, cold, cautious, and not easily convinced, so he was slow, and the last person to laugh at a joke, or appear to apprehend points of wit or fun.

Hazlitt and Haydon laughed to see Wilkie beginning to perplex himself anew about a question upon which probably none of the three entertained any serious views.

As Hazlitt and Wilkie seldom met, and were of such opposite characters, they did not get on very well together. Wilkie lacked the cor-

diality and frankness of nature and of manner that characterised Haydon, and which seemed to satisfy the author and set him at his ease; and Hazlitt enjoyed the society and appreciated the heartiness of Haydon's ingenuous nature. He would often say, 'Haydon is a fine, frank, as well as clever man, and albeit the *best painter* England has produced, I find him well read up in the literature of the day; never at a loss for subjects of conversation, whether of books, politics, or men and things. The only subject he seems to desire to eschew, with me at least, is the fine arts. I observe he keeps his great picture covered up, lest, I suppose, it should lead to or suggest that line of conversation; and this puts me in mind of what Goldsmith says of Sir Joshua,—

> "When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
> He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff."

Perhaps there is not much good resulting from painters gossiping about their art, for, after exhausting themselves during the day in the practice of it, they wish for the relaxation of some other subject, and Haydon has always plenty of

good conversation without that, which he says satisfies no one. He talks well, too, upon most subjects that interest one, indeed better than any painter I have met. Northcote is talkative and original, but then he is narrow in his views, and confined in his subjects. Haydon is more a scholar, and has a wide range and versatility of information. One enjoys his hearty, joyous laugh; it sets one upon one's legs, as it were, better than a glass of champagne, for one is delighted to meet such a cheering spirit in the saddening depression that broods over the heartless despotism and hypocrisy of the world. His laugh rings in my ears like merry bells. When I do ask him to show me his picture, he does so without reserve, and with an open candour, courting my remarks. How finely he does some things! He has great power of expression, fine drawing, good, solid, and rich colour,—no difficulty in composition, and tells the story comprehensively. What refinement and pathos in some of his female characters! far beyond anything that has been done in modern times. His "Judgment of Solomon" is, to my mind, the very finest work of that high class to be found

since the time of Titian. And to the excellence of that great painter some parts of the picture may be compared; which is the highest compliment I can pay, since Titian is my seal of perfection. Posterity will do Haydon the justice moderns may deny him.'

Thus Hazlitt would talk, as we sauntered homewards together in the evening from Haydon's house, parting with an invitation to me to call upon him—which I did very soon after, and was gratified by his showing me some of his productions with the pencil.

'Now,' he said, 'you have heard me preach and argue a good deal about painting and the arts, I wish to let you see that I have done something practically on canvas, and original. Here is the painting of an old head done from life; every touch, every line is strictly copied from the poor old creature who sat for it: she wearied and fell asleep, by which lucky accident I got near enough to elaborate all those wrinkles; her mouth was pursed up into all those intricate lines you see there. I worked at it from day to day, and could have gone on for a month to reach the truth of Nature, or approach

the force of Rembrandt. Indeed, I confess to you that I had the vanity to feel, or mistakingly judge, that my insignificant endeavour put me in mind of some of Rembrandt's heads. And I would ask to live a hundred years, and be permitted to paint every day of the year, could I come near the merit of that painter. You will observe in those flesh tints, and shadow colour, how difficult it is to produce the transparency, with the depth, force, and richness of that master's secret,—mellow without muddiness—bright without crudity. How the devil he produced the combinations, I am at a loss to comprehend. I am told it was *feeling*. Well, I suppose I *feel* what I wish to do, I *feel* what it ought to be, but I cannot *feel* how it is produced. My *feeling* does not teach me the colours to use, how they are to be manipulated; whether with thick impasto and pure, or thin with vehicle and pellucid. Perhaps Rembrandt's secret is a combination of all these, only known to himself; his mind and hand execute as his genius guides and suggests: in fine, it is inspiration. We believe that the poet and the painter are born. But the latter has not only to possess

the same faculties of conception—arrangement, and effect of his production,—he must do more; he must be cunning and expert at handwork, the master of lines and touches, and sleight-of-hand glazings. His hand must combine the subtleness and delicacy of the skilled player on a stringed instrument. He must be subtle, and full of expedients for realising all the appearances of the surface of objects. He must produce the reality of life, of nature, in all the brilliance of light and colour,—all the solemnity of shade and contrast. He must combine a thousand mimic difficulties that the barren spectator never dreams of, and which he who has never tried his hand with the brush will never find out.

'How much, then, must we wonder at and admire those works of such infinite difficulty, that have the combined skill and perfection of a Titian or a Rembrandt, whose works seem to me to be inapproachable in certain difficulties of the painter's art.

'It is a difficult art. One is at a loss to select the precise colours to make up a tint, for instance, that lies between the light and shade

of a coloured object, as of flesh, and that seems to be made up of a neutral variation of neither the one nor the other, yet allied to both. How differently the various great masters treated these half-tints to unite light and shadow!

'Rubens and Vandyck, the latter in particular, were eminently successful in these beautiful gradations, and so true to nature, blending all with such imperceptible softness and roundings, that you are as much lost in mystery as to how they produced the particular tint for these effects as you are with nature, so subtle and undefinable is the perfection of both. The intricate combinations of flesh-colour defeat the skill of the metaphysician, and I would give the world to ascertain how the purity, the mellowness, and the *rich glow* of Titian's flesh is produced! How he laid his grounds, by what gradations, whether he jumped at once at one solid painting, at the substance or body of his flesh-colour, and by what process of toning or glazings he afterwards modified, enriched, and perfected with such transparent glow, his unapproachable flesh! How he so operated as to rival Nature! By what conjurations, and what

mighty magic, he won the palm, the crown of glorious colour, charming and enchanting the beholder with wonder and delight, with never-ceasing pleasure in the contemplation of gorgeous harmony! contrasts so blended, positive brilliance so set in tone and skilful artifice as to cheat the sense of its gaudiness, depth, or candity.

'Let us cast our eyes to the French school, or to German art, and then estimate truly what Titian's secret of perfection of colour and scale of harmony amounts to. We cannot but be struck with the wide difference between these schools and the Italian, Dutch, or Spanish. If we have no sympathy with their colouring it is because it does not represent the delicacy, the beauty, or truth of Nature. Their colour is crude, and it is false. Their action, too, in most cases, is the action of the stage, and that of the French stage too, where affectation and extremes of attitudinising seem to obtain. Artificial bombast is not emotion or passion. If we admit certain dexterity, arrangement, and extended composition, yet with unbounded national encouragement, every opportunity of free and

noble institutions, and advantages for acquiring the practice of the art to anyone daring enough to touch the grand or historical department, still we are disappointed that the success in the painter's art is not commensurate, perfection is in no instance approached. In France the artist is lifted up into a position of honour, of estimation; he takes his rank with the first men of the state, has rewards and honours showered upon him. Here in England, how different! Genius must work its arduous and solitary way, uncountenanced by any national recognition or the help of Government employment, and unless he can unite with the higher style of art some other subordinate branch to satisfy his pecuniary wants, he must starve, or give up his high views of fame and honour to his country.

'Had I possessed the executive part of the art sufficiently, and could I have drawn correctly, with facility, or to my satisfaction, the subject I feel I should have desired to realise would have been "Jacob's Dream." I have the arrangement, the composition, and, if I may be allowed to say so, the poetry of the picture in my mind.'

He was in such good-humour on this occasion that he invited me to accompany him the next day to the Tennis-court, to see him play. This surprised me, as I had no idea of his skill in a game requiring so much physical exertion and activity. Besides, he would often lament his want of accomplishments of every kind. 'Egad,' he said, 'he could do nothing like most men. There is Mrs. —— plays exquisitely upon the flute; there is Mr. —— sings his own songs, and accompanies himself upon the piano, will dash off a leader for a morning paper, or write an important note to the Secretary of State, whilst discoursing in a room full of company; and I could name many who thus possess genius and varied capacity, whilst I can literally do *nothing*, nor ever could,' &c. &c.

The next day we went to the place, and as we sauntered along he informed me there would be no first-rate play on that day, but there would be some tolerable second-rate players; he himself was only second-rate. Had Kavanagh been there first-rate play would have been seen, for no one could stand against so extraordinary a racket as his. When arrived at the court, he

ushered me into a sort of gallery at one end, supported by strong wooden posts, so that it was open below for spectators of the sport. The game of tennis was soon commenced in good earnest, the players becoming excited and eager for success. My friend, having stripped to his shirt, looked all alive, and being anxious to do his best, soon displayed himself not only an adept, but an original in his style of play. It was peculiar and characteristic of the man, and his sighs, groans, and lamentations left no doubt that he was becoming warm in the spirit of the game, and sad trouble he had to hitch up his trousers, it being his custom to be free of braces. He was the only one despoiled of his upper garments, so that I had no difficulty in following his rapid movements, and as his excitement warmed in the course of the game, so his exclamations became more vehement, and with his difficulties his ardour increased, until he lashed himself up to desperation, and looked more like a savage animal than anything human. The spectators below me appeared to be well aware of the ability and eccentricity of this hero of the game, as they peered forward to witness

any extraordinary feat of play. When a difficult ball was driven to such a distance from him, and so skilfully dropped close to the wall, that it seemed an impossibility to come near it in time, or catch it with the racket if he did, he would run with desperate speed, make a last spring, and bending down his head to meet the concussion with the wall, crushing his hat flat over his eyes, dexterously tip the ball, sending it to its intended mark with unerring truth amid murmurs of applause. Then jerking himself upright again, his eye following the ball in its lightning speed, he would pursue it, however difficult the course. Thus he would repeat his feats of agility and success, excited all the while to a desperation and madness beyond belief. It is impossible to give an idea of his expressions. His ejaculations were interlarded with unintentional and unmeaning oaths that cannot be repeated, but may be imagined. In this way he would stamp and rave:—'Nothing but my incapacity,—sheer want of skill, of power, of physical ability,—of the Devil knows what! There again! Ever see such play? Egad! I'd better not take hold of the racket again if I do

not do better. Ah! well, that is better, but still bad enough—sheer incapacity, egad!' And so he ran on all the time he played, so that the energies of mind and body were fretted and embittered. The frenzy of his irritability, although curious as characteristic, yet became, if not alarming, at least not pleasant to witness. And as he came occasionally to set his back against the post under me, and rub himself to and fro with the force of irascible impatience, repeating the exclamations to himself, I could not but wish that all might end well, and that the game might close in favour of my friend's party. Fortunately it was soon over, and, as I wished, William Hazlitt had won his game at tennis. I could perceive him in all the joyous triumph of boyish pleasure, stooping low, his racket in both hands, and, bounding from the ground, throw it high up to the roof, exclaiming to himself, 'Hurrah! hurrah!' and as he waved his right arm over his head, catch with dexterity his falling racket, retiring with the satisfied beam of triumph in his face, to put on his coat and waistcoat.

Hazlitt came smiling with delight, and said,

'Well, we had a hard run for it, but we beat after all.' When we came to the street, he pointed to his cravat, and said to me with a somewhat mock solemnity,—'You see I am without my shirt; it was so wet with perspiration that I left it behind to get dried. You must not be seen walking with a person who has no shirt on his back, therefore we part here: you go that way, I this.'

He left me abruptly, and I could not but reflect what a strange being he was. Looking after him I could perceive him threading his way in the crowd, with the alertness and rapidity of one not at all exhausted by the exertions of the game he had played. What a serious strain upon a constitution not by any means strong, such an irregular life must have been!

Mr. Hazlitt having met Sir Anthony Carlisle, the Professor of Anatomy at the Royal Academy, at a conversazione at Mr. Basil Montague's, in Bedford Square, and having heard him, in his grandiloquent manner, utter some startling expressions about '*the uselessness of poetry*,' he was desirous to see more of a person who could propound with such importance so novel

a proposition, and wished to satisfy his curiosity as to his ability and character. He therefore requested me to take him to hear one of his anatomical lectures, delivered to the students of the Academy. I consequently accompanied him one appointed evening to Somerset House. This celebrated surgeon generally treated the artists, his hearers, with some exhibition of novelty or interest, and his lectures were consequently always crowded. Once he had six or eight naked Life-guardsmen going through their sword exercise, exhibiting the varied muscular action of the human body. On another occasion he had some Indian or Chinese jugglers, performing their feats of agility, showing the flexibility of their joints, and what suppleness training may produce in the frame of man. On the evening I speak of, the lecturer, when speaking of the emotions and passions of the mind, handed round upon a dinner-plate the brain of a man, and on another a human heart. As these severally came to Hazlitt for observation, and to be passed round, he shrank back in sensitive horror, closed his eyes, turned away his pale, shuddering countenance, and appeared

to those near him to be in a swooning state. I was glad, however, after a little while to observe him rally, when he whispered in nervous accents, 'Of what use can all this be to artists? Surely the bones and muscles might be sufficient.'

He was highly amused to see the lecturer in full court dress, with bagwig, curled and powdered, his cocked hat, and lace ruffles to his wrists, and laughing, said,—

'I should not have known my unpoetic acquaintance in that disguise; he seems like the owl peeping and winking in an ivy-bush upon some ancient turret, and I cannot conceive of such an arrant puppy finding anything good, or of *use*, or beauty in poetry. I now know *the man*.'

As we retired down the great staircase at Somerset House, some one passed us quickly, throwing his capacious mantle over his shoulders with an air of affected consequence. Hazlitt observed,—

'That will be some one of the mighty R.A.'s, but, depend upon it, he will never paint below the fifth button-hole.'

And so it has been.

It was after this that Hazlitt himself was called upon to appear before the public as a lecturer at the Surrey Institution. I remember well the nervous trepidation, blank dismay, and hopelessness of success, he manifested on his first attempt at oratory.

The friends who knew the sensitive and wayward character of Hazlitt were prepared for disappointment from his failure in self-possession and confidence. They therefore placed themselves in readiness,—but what did take place?

The time arriving, and the audience expressing unequivocal signs of impatience, our lecturer, pallid as death, and hesitating, like some unhappy being about to meet his doom, approached the table, lecture in hand, and tried to clear his choking voice, but all his efforts failed to overcome his nervousness. The auditory, perceiving his timidity, clapped and applauded, crying, 'Bravo, Hazlitt!' This seemed to encourage him, and he began in faint and tremulous accents; but as the noise subsided, and he became conscious of the

sound of his own voice, lifting his too-observant eyes to the 'sea of heads' before him, all watching and gazing at him, his small modicum of voice and confidence oozed out, and fidgeting confusedly at his waistcoat pockets, he came to a full stop, closed his manuscript, and bolted off in quick retreat. In the room he passed into, however, he found friends ready to prevent his disappearance. They came round him, encouraged and persuaded him; he heard too the hubbub of applause, the shouting of his name, with many expressions of encouragement, and he slowly returned to the lecture-table, amidst vociferous clamours of 'Bravo, Hazlitt!' &c. He commenced once more his difficult task, and warming to his subject while he was stimulated by the frequent acknowldgements of his striking thoughts or brilliant language, before he had finished his first lecture he became quite at home with the indulgent friends before him.

By his request I often called upon him and accompanied him to the Surrey Institution. He was generally sitting alone in front of a looking-glass, putting the last touches to the

lecture of the evening. After which he would chat away in great good-humour, making pertinent remarks upon the requirements of popular lecturing, observing that 'He at all events must always endeavour to express his own thoughts upon what he undertook to do, and not be led away by the mistake of pleasing the million, or speaking for the present hour.'

Hazlitt was afterwards engaged to deliver another series of lectures at the same place, and I called as before to accompany him. At these times he would sip his cup of strong tea, and laugh and joke at the difficulty he had to surmount at his first course of lectures, adding,—

'But there are sometimes odd people connected with institutions of this sort: committeemen, directors, and what not, consequential individuals, who, although civil or courteous to you in success, may take offence. It is best to be guarded against change, and not permit any one to become too familiar. For one like myself who have seen the fickleness and experienced the frowns of mankind, it is best to

treat those one does not know well, as if they *might* become enemies.'

When I observed that his last lecture was eminently successful, he replied,—

'Ah, well, yes, it appeared so to me. The subject of it was likely to be popular, and surely there was applause sufficient to satisfy any moderate expectations. But there seems to be generally something to check, if not mar, the little satisfaction or success that may happen to be awarded to *me*. What do you think of that handsome Mrs. Montague throwing herself into my way as I came out, and telling me, in plain, unmistakable terms, that she did not like my lecture that evening *at all!* But as I had just before received such unequivocal testimony of approbation from the audience, I made her no reply; and, as if I had not heard her cutting remark, said in the same jeering tone of depreciation, "Mrs. Montague, madam, allow me to compliment you upon the excellent *tea* you made in Bedford Square!" Then leaving her in the crowd, that she might have no further opportunity of saying anything ungracious, I slipped away to my own appointment. But is

it not great pretension, if not vain conceit (I beg the lady's pardon), to make such unpleasant remarks to one whose ears were tingling with the general and unmitigated applause of so respectable and select an audience? She deemed it right, I suppose, as a *friend*, to prevent me becoming vain of that brawling popularity, blown so straight in my teeth, in this gentle way to put me down a peg. Indeed, I begin to think her not so handsome, and I laugh at her singularity, for, after all, what can she really know of so difficult a matter?'

Hazlitt became a favourite at the Surrey Institution, and stood up in his place at the lecture-table with all confidence, in the consciousness of having friends and admirers about him. In his flights of sarcasm, or bursts of censure upon the favourite authors of some of his hearers—Lord Byron, for instance—he would occasionally meet with disapprobation; and, as he calmly looked towards the place whence the hissing came, turning back the leaf of his copy, and deliberately repeating the sentiments with greater energy and a voice more determined than before, he

exclaimed with slow emphasis, 'If my Lord Byron will do these things, he must take the consequences; the acts of Napoleon Bonaparte are subjects of *history*, not for the disparagement of the Muse.' Then tossing over the leaf with an air of independence and iron firmness, as if he was not to be influenced by opinions differing from his own on these subjects, he exhibited a striking contrast to the timidity and nervousness of his first appearance at the Surrey Institution.

CHAPTER VIII.

BEWICK'S DIFFICULTIES — FRIENDLY ADVICE — GOES TO SCOTLAND — EDINBURGH — SCHEME OF A GALLERY OF PORTRAITS — ENCOUNTERS HAZLITT — SHERIDAN KNOWLES — POETICAL REMINISCENCES ON FISHING — HAZLITT'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE — STARED AT IN MELROSE — CHALK DRAWING OF HAZLITT — EVENING WALK.

HAYDON'S pupils, Lance, Chatfield, Taham, and the Landseers, were soon afterwards dispersed. This event caused a coolness between the friends, and, as Haydon put it, Bewick mounted the enemy's colours at once. The following account given by Haydon himself of the manner in which Bewick was involved in difficulties through him, may be interesting to the reader. 'During "Jerusalem" — a picture on which he was engaged—'Lord de Talby gave me a commission. I begged him to transfer it to Bewick, as he was a young man of promise. He did so; and he was paid sixty guineas for his

first picture. His second, Sir William Chayter bought, and during his third his landlord refused to let him proceed unless I became security for his rent. I did so. In the meantime, I was becoming rapidly involved, and having helped Bewick in his difficulties, I thoughtlessly asked him to help me by the usual iniquities of a struggling man, namely, accommodation bills; Bewick and Harvey both did so. Those were not accommodation bills to raise money on, but accommodation bills to get time extended for money already owing. When in the hands of a lawyer, if I wanted time, 'Get another name,' was the reply. As I wished for secresy, I asked these young men, into whose hands I had put the means of getting a living without charging a farthing. As the father of a family, I now see the indelicacy and weakness of this conduct. But at that time I was young, a bachelor, at the head of a forlorn hope, and I relied on the honour and enthusiasm of my pupils. I had reduced Bewick's liabilities from 236*l* to 136*l*., and Harvey's from 284*l*. to 184*l*., and whilst in the act of extricating them, I got through the "Lazarus" and was ruined. There

is no excuse for my inducing my pupils to lend their names as security for bills, but I was in such a state of desperation that I wonder at nothing."

As will be seen in a subsequent page of these memoirs, the accuracy of this account was afterwards called in question by Bewick.

Mr. Bewick found it impossible to deliver himself from the difficulties which beset him in consequence of the desperate state of Haydon's affairs, a position which he shared with most, if not all, of Haydon's other friends. By his own friends he was advised to retire for a time to the country, where, at a distance from the embarrassments by which he was surrounded in London, he might devote himself more unreservedly to his art, and in time hew for himself a way out of the difficulties in which he was involved. The manner in which he regarded his circumstances and prospects at that moment may be gathered from the following letter to his brother:—

London, June 12th, 1823.

DEAR JOHN,—I wonder that you have not written to me before this time, as I think

you would receive a letter from me by Mr. Harvey, wherein I told you my misfortune in being involved in Mr. Haydon's distress, by having accepted bills for him. Mr. Harvey here is in the same situation, and we are both miserable. Of the two, I am in the worse situation, not having the immediate means of getting any pecuniary relief; although I have small commissions to the amount of 50*l.*, which I hope to execute in a short time. I have a portrait to paint for an institution at Glasgow,* for which I shall be paid 25*l.*; this will assist me very much. I have not told my father about my situation; it will be better not to do so until everything is settled.

Some of my friends here advise me to go into the country, to endeavour to paint portraits and to be out of the way until Haydon's business is settled, but I think I shall not do this on account of the inconvenience of being at a distance.

The sale of Haydon's property is to-day and to-morrow. You will think it strange that Harvey and I can be losers by him, but so it is,

* The Mechanics' Institution.

as well as all his best friends. His most staunch friends, those who have stuck by him through thick and thin, through good report and evil report, are the greatest sufferers.

Harvey's case is settled, but mine is not, which makes me anxious and uncomfortable. Kind remembrance to Ann and Emma,

I am, yours affectionately,

W. Bewick.

Though unwilling at first to follow the advice of his friends, he was ultimately satisfied of the propriety of it, and made up his mind to leave London for a time. Early in the autumn of 1823 he went to Scotland, where he had relations who were sure to give him a hearty welcome. In Edinburgh, too, where he first took up his abode, he found at that time some remnants of that brilliant literary society which had rendered the northern metropolis so desirable as a place of residence at the commencement of this century. Many, it is true, who had combined to render it illustrious were already gone, either dead or dispersed in other lands; but there were still many distinguished men, poets,

artists, and critics, who with an enthusiastic appreciation of literature combined a refined taste in matters of art, and with these Bewick soon found himself at home. In the following letter to his brother he gives expression to the impression produced on him by the city of Edinburgh, the grandeur of its site, and the beauty of its public buildings. He had already also, by means of the letters of introduction which he carried with him, obtained admission to that society which numbered so many members distinguished by their reputation in art and letters, and whose friendship he highly valued.

Edinburgh, August 28th, 1823.

DEAR JOHN,—I arrived here after a fine day's voyage in a Leith smack on Tuesday last, and was met by our cousin George, at an inn to which I came from Leith. My uncle and aunt with two more cousins, Tom and Joseph, live in a very romantic and beautiful place (Laughton Mills) where they have their spinning-mills and dwelling-house, and where for the present I am living very comfortably.

The letters and introductions that I have brought with me give me an opportunity for observing the varieties of Scotch character and manners, and may lead to something of more consequence to me than I thought when I got them; for I find I am associating with some of the first people here for talent and reputation.

I am going to Glasgow, but I need not be there before September or October, as everybody is bathing just now. It is the same here, but then there are more men of great talent whose acquaintance and society are of consequence to me, and who may eventually assist me to work out an idea I have of painting a series of portraits of eminent men.

I must now speak of the city of Edinburgh, and I must say that, though I have heard such eulogies of its beauty and site, I had formed no idea of the grandeur of the whole, any more than of the parts which form the whole. No description whatever could possibly give you the slightest idea of the immensity which nature has massed in piles upon piles of rock, backed by mountains that tower upwards either by gradual

ascent or precipitous erections, making deep dells and dales vocal with brooks running between sedgy banks.

Any attempt at detail would be useless; but I send you a bit which I recollect.

Perhaps you cannot understand this sketch. When I come to Newcastle I will tell you more.

With my remembrance to Ann,

Believe me ever yours affectionately,

W. Bewick.

Mr. Bewick's principal object in visiting Scotland was to recruit his funds, that he might be able to pursue works of greater importance than he had yet attempted. He had also formed a scheme for preparing a gallery of portraits of eminent men, and in this he was remarkably successful. They were the size of life, and numbered among them portraits of Sir David Brewster; Lord Jeffrey; Dr. Greville; Professor Wilson, author of the 'Isle of Palms;' George Thomson, the friend and correspondent of Burns; Mrs. Grant, of Laggan; Allison; Jamieson; Mackenzie; Combe, the phrenologist; McCulloch, the political economist; Liston, the sur-

geon; Nasmyth; Wilson and Allan, besides many more who enjoyed a fame in their lifetime which has scarcely survived them.

At Edinburgh Mr. Bewick formed an anatomical class, in which Liston, the surgeon, studied, probably his most distinguished pupil.

While in Scotland in 1824, he again met Hazlitt in the circumstances which he thus amusingly describes:—

'It was some time subsequent, in 1824, I received an invitation from Mr. Hazlitt, who was staying at Melrose, on a marriage tour, to meet Mr. Sheridan Knowles. Knowles, who had arrived before me, had gone out on a fishing expedition; and Hazlitt, after presenting me to his bride, proposed that we should take a walk by the river to find Knowles. We strolled out by the side of the romantic and picturesque stream, looking for the dramatic author, who, Hazlitt told me, was fishing from a rock in the middle of the stream.

'Let us steal slowly along unperceived,' said he, 'and I will promise you a higher treat than you have ever seen at Carlisle's lectures at Somerset House. It was down here I found

him, and lest I should disturb his pleasure I sat down behind this bush and watched for half-an-hour his motions, as he threw the line from him among the rocks with such certainty and dexterity that I could not but enjoy his rare skill, the easy sway and graceful gesture of his whole figure as he threw his long rod and line with silent sweep, so that they seemed part of his frame, all moved by one spontaneous impulse. I never could have imagined that such beautiful grace and action could belong to old Walton's passion of angling. I was charmed by the variety as well as the elegant positions of our dramatic fisherman. Should you be the first to perceive him, pray do not speak or do anything to discover us, or disturb him, in some of those Apollo-like attitudes we chance to find him in. Could a sculptor have struck him out in marble, standing on the rock, in one of his fine positions, the statue would have made his fame, as the Gladiator did for the Greek sculptor.'

We did not, however, find the fishing Antinous in his place; but we met him returning from his labour of love, with his basket of fish at

his back, rod in hand, in all the ruddy freshness and joyous spirits of one of his free Swiss mountaineers in *William Tell.* His bright blue eyes and sunny smile, buoyant with health and exuberant spirits, his neat costume, muscular and fine proportions, marked the man of sudden and impetuous actions, of bright and brilliant thought, while Hazlitt presented a strange contrast with his attenuated frame, pale and contemplative face, loose and negligent habiliments, his delicate and tremulous hand nestling in his waistcoat breast, his head inclined on one side, and his searching and expressive eyes bent in silent meditation. His long black hair clustering in massy locks about a forehead and features the very image of intellectual refinement, of deep or critical investigation. There was, too, a pensive seriousness that at times gave an interest of a romantic character to the scenery with which he was here associated. Knowles stopped to open his basket and show us the success of his sport. Hazlitt, drawing his breath, peeped timidly in, and was as nervous as if he were looking into a cradle containing dead infants. As Knowles

took one of the fish in his hand, expatiating upon its merits when cooked, and on the table, &c., Hazlitt, sighing, exclaimed,—

'How silvery! what rainbow hues and tints glisten and flit across its shining surface! How beautiful! Do you remember Waller?

"Beneath a shoal of *silver fishes* glides,
And plays about the gilded barge's sides;
The ladies, angling in the crystal lake,
Feast on the waters with the prey they take:
At once victorious with their lines and eyes,
They make the fishes and the men their prize."

'And somebody has written—

"When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such libertie."

'I remember also reading when I was a boy, but do not call to mind who is the author:—

"Blest silent groves, oh, may you be,
For ever, Mirth's best nursery!
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents

Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains;
Which we may every year
Meet, when we come afishing here!"

'Ah!' cried Knowles, 'do you remember these lines in an old song?—

"Of recreation there is none
So free as fishing is alone;
All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess;
My hand alone my work can do,
So I can fish and study too."

'But as we walk home by this stream I will repeat a fine merry old song. (*He sings.*)

"Oh, the gallant fisher's life
Is the best of any!
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis beloved by many:
Other joys
Are but toys;
Only this
Lawful is;
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.

"In a morning up we rise,
Ere Aurora's peeping;
Drink a cup to wash our eyes;
Leave the sluggard sleeping;
Then we go
To and fro

With our knacks
At our backs,
To such streams
As the Thames,
If we have the leisure.

When we please to walk abroad
For our recreation,
In the fields is our abode,
Full of delectation:
Where in a brook,
With a hook,
Or a lake,
Fish we take;
There we sit
For a bit,
Till we fish entangle."

We had by this time reached the inn at Melrose in a merry mood and hungry for dinner, without my having been fortunate enough to see the fine action and attitudes of the author of *Virginius*.

The reader knows that Mr. Hazlitt was in personal appearance something remarkable, unlike in looks and manner, as he was in temperament and intellectual peculiarity, to any other of the varied family of man. In the streets of Edinburgh he might have passed for a poring antiquary or bookworm, or some plodding editor

of a Jacobinical review. But in a quiet provincial town or village such characters are rare, and therefore it may not create surprise that the author of *The Spirit of the Age* excited the curiosity of the good people of Melrose; who, when he walked leisurely through the town for the first time, and alone, turned out in a body to watch his return, that they might have a sufficient opportunity of scrutinising his person and belongings. He found them in ranks or groups in front of their dwellings, gaping and staring at him, as he told me, 'like so many idiots.' Instead, however, of taking no notice of this provincial attention as complimentary to his popularity, he was highly offended at the liberty taken with him as a stranger, and he made a full stand, fronting round to the principal position of the enemy, and with a countenance full of scorn and indignation, he addressed them in loud and thundering voice thus :—

'What the devil do you see in me? You staring hawbucks! Cannot a stranger walk quietly through your town without exciting this vacant and impertinent curiosity. What is there for you to see? You gaping Scotch ninnies!'

Strange and sensitive being! I presume that any other person would have passed along the streets of Melrose without troubling himself about the over-curiosity of the people. This notice made the good folks stare still more, hardly, we may suppose, understanding one word the 'southern' said to them. They knew from report that he was a great writer, like Sir Walter, and their curiosity was natural. Perhaps they deemed a turn-out would be complimentary to the individual so honoured, as well as a gratification to themselves. But Hazlitt understood the gathering as an expression of rude curiosity, and he resented it on the spot.

'A stare,' he observed, 'is a rude liberty, and a piece of vulgar and improper behaviour; but a Scotch stare is a wide, open, cold, hard, fixed gaze, of both unmeaning eyes, not to be endured —a gaze without any redeeming expression or intention, but that of sheer impudence.'

His sensitiveness was more delicate than that belonging even to feminine nerves. He was pointing out the beautiful variation of colour and tint on the stones and moss of

an old wall opposite the window of the inn, when he suddenly caught sight of a man being borne into the house who had received some serious injury. The dread spectacle of a dead man terrified him, and he rushed from the window to the opposite side of the room, while, covering his eyes with his hands, he begged me not to mention it. Thinking that something had happened to himself, I approached him, but he put his hand out, saying, 'Don't let me hear anything of it; the man is dead, I dare say, but I cannot look at anything of the kind, death or the appearance of it, and pray do not speak of it.'

When Knowles had left us, I made the chalk drawing of Hazlitt, size of life, still in my possession, and which called forth the following sonnet from his friend :—

'Thus Hazlitt looked! There's life in every line!
Soul—language—fire that colour could not give.
See! on that brow how pale-robed thought divine,
In an embodied radiance seems to live!
Ah! in the gaze of that entranced eye,
Humid, yet burning, there beams Passion's flame,
Lightening the cheek, and quivering through the frame;

While round the lips the odour of a sigh
Yet hovers fondly, and its shadow sits
Beneath the channel of the glowing thought
And fire-clothed eloquence, which comes in fits
Like Pythiac inspiration! Bewick, taught
By thee, in vain doth slander's venomed dart
Do its foul work 'gainst *him*. This head must own a heart.'

The drawing is engraved in the *Literary Remains of William Hazlitt*, by his son,—a highly interesting work. Mr. Hazlitt, whilst at Melrose, was writing a criticism upon Lady Morgan's *Life and Times of Salvator Rosa*, for the *Edinburgh Review*, which he laid aside in good-humoured willingness to sit to me. He seemed highly amused and pleased to have the sketch made, and wrote a paper upon 'the pleasure of sitting for one's picture.' During dinner he was gracious and smiling, and asked me to put up the portrait for him to look at. I stuck it up with a fork at each corner into the wainscot over the mantelpiece opposite to him. He frequently laid down his knife and fork to contemplate the likeness, gazing earnestly and long, asking if really his own hair was anything like that of the drawing. Mrs. Hazlitt exclaimed.

'Oh! it is exactly your own hair, my dear.' With which he seemed quite satisfied, and in great admiration of what I had done, said, 'Well, surely that puts me in mind of some of Raphael's heads in the cartoons. Ah! it is, however, something to live for, to have such a head as *that*.' He contemplated the representation of himself for some time in silence, with evident expressions of satisfaction, not unmixed with some natural emotion of vanity, which in him was neutralised by the genuine simplicity of his character.

When the drawing was finished we walked out in the evening. It was twilight; a delicious freshness and serenity reigned over the face of nature. The silence, the stillness, and the solitude of our path seemed to affect both of us. We came to an old gate. There was a low mound upon which stood a small stone building in ruins, and by its side an animal quietly grazing upon the sward. These objects were in deep shade against a star-lit sky. My meditative companion paused, pointed to the group and whispered, 'There is a picture! No painter can produce the sentiment that pervades it, the

wonderful breadth and harmony and depth of effect that "hangs upon the beatings of the heart!" and thus affects one like magic, for there is nothing here in the subject itself. I have been thus affected by some of Claude's landscapes, but by no other painter's works. Poussin and Salvator have produced grandeur, rugged and romantic nature, and Titian the finest landscape of all, but none the poetical sentiment that arrests your sympathy as occasionally in Nature and in Claude, to whom there seem, 'the soul's most intimate affections known.'

> 'We all acknowledge both thy power and love
> To be exact, transcendent, and divine;
> Who does so strongly and so sweetly move.'

Thus he murmured as to himself, lingering by this tranquil picture, as if bound by some spell or enchantment, and he seemed to tear himself away with reluctance, and often looked back to the spot.

CHAPTER IX.

FORTUNATE MISCHANCE — ABBOTSFORD — PORTRAIT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS — SIR WALTER SCOTT, HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS — LETTER FROM SIR WALTER — CONVERSATION AT DINNER — FONDNESS FOR CHILDREN — SIR WALTER'S RECITATION OF A QUAINT OLD SCOTCH BALLAD — BARON D'ESTE AND MISS SCOTT — BALLAD OF BEWICK AND GRAHAM — AUNT SARAH'S LEGEND — SIR WALTER'S PARCEL TO HIS PUBLISHER.

HAZLITT, by his own avowal, was subject to fits of absence of mind, during which he occasionally performed droll or foolish acts; but such proceedings sometimes led to fortunate results, as was the case on the present occasion, for through the critic's forgetfulness our artist had the happiness of making the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott, without whose portrait his gallery would have been incomplete: the 'Great Unknown,' as he was then termed, for the secret of the authorship of the Waverley novels had not then been revealed. Bewick had the good fortune to see him in the privacy of his domestic and home life, and the picture which he draws of

Abbotsford, of the guests assembled there, and of Sir Walter's friendly hospitality, is remarkably pleasing and attractive. The great story-teller at his own tea-table reciting old Border minstrelsy to his guests is as vividly presented to the mind of the reader by the artist's pen as his personal form and feature could have been depicted by the most skilful exercise of the limner's art.

VISIT TO ABBOTSFORD.

Hazlitt mentioned to me how absent he occasionally was as to things immediately before him, or connected with the present business of life, and 'Egad,' he said, 'it is curious how I came to Melrose at all, for I had no intention of being here. I will tell you how it happened. After I had handed Mrs. Hazlitt into the post-chaise, and seated myself by her side, the man held the door open with his hand to his hat. I put something into his hand, but he still remained, and thinking we were a long time at a stand-still, I looked at him again, and he said, "Where to, Sir?" The question took me by sur-

prise, for, like a goose, as I am, the thought had not occurred to me. Looking out before me, I observed two pointed hills, and asked where are those hills? "Melrose, Sir." "Then drive there;" and to Melrose we came.'

Fortunate and happy mischance for me! for had he not been the absent 'goose' he called himself, and ordered in his confusion to be driven thither, I should not probably have seen either Melrose or Abbotsford. As it was, I saw both. While Mr. Hazlitt was engaged in writing, I walked out alone to Abbotsford to see the place, its scenery, and its mysterious belongings. I had before met Sir Walter Scott in Edinburgh, and conversed with him. On the the road there I met a carriage full of company, with the Great Unknown in the midst. He recognised me as they passed rapidly on, and I walked to the house and saw through the building. I was struck with a painting of the head of 'Mary Queen of Scots,' and mentioned it to Mr. Hazlitt on my return, who advised me to write and ask Sir Walter's permission to make a drawing of it, which I did, Hazlitt approving of my note. The permission was

graciously given at once; and as Hazlitt read the reply, he seemed delighted with its gentlemanly tone and kindness, saying,—

'Ah! he is indeed a fine piece of Nature's handiwork! I was convinced of that when I went to see him at the Court of Session, where he seemed to be working out some of his own pleasant thoughts with a good-humoured smile, as if it were all boy's play to him. I daresay it was so, for he is a true master of the craft, and one feels that there is no one else *could* write *Waverley* but himself. The mystery that exists about these works serves a purpose, the secret is well kept, and all is worked to admiration. Extensive demand follows the interest excited, but at the same time the ware is generally equal to the interest. Scott's large heart rises above his party prejudices; and he is a fine hale, hearty creature, full of genius and romance,—tells a story, a legend, a ballad, a plot inimitably. As a man, I am told, he is frank, free, and open-hearted, simple and natural in his manners, and ready to grant every one his meed of praise and justice. This is a fine character, and when added to great genius is, I

am afraid, rare in these selfish and oppressive times.'

During my pleasant walk to Abbotsford, I had time to reflect that I was treading on classic ground, that I was approaching to a nearer interview and acquaintance with the home and person of the remarkable being who was as great a mystery, and was creating as great an interest throughout Europe as 'the man with the Iron Mask,' the 'Wandering Jew,' or any other hero of books or story. That he was the author of the novels and tales devoured so greedily by every class of readers, some believed, and many doubted; whilst other men, and even *women*, had occasionally been set up as the producers of these wondrously rapid productions of the pen; but the question was up to this period still unsolved.

I stepped under the portico at Abbotsford with some feeling of nervous trepidation, not unaccompanied with awe at the thought of entering the mystic circle of the Enchanter. Accordingly my pull at the bell was so tremulous that no servant made his appearance; but, instead, I heard the approaching sound of

unequal footsteps (steps which anyone who had ever heard them before would recognise as those of the author of *Waverley*), and soon appeared the well-known face and smile of Sir Walter Scott. No doubt he had expected me, perhaps seen me arrive; and as the kitchens were distant, concluded the bell had not been heard. He, therefore, without ceremony, opened the door himself, saying something in excuse about the servants not hearing the bell, and with a hearty good welcome seized my hand, and after paying the courtesies of the morning, which he did with kindness and simplicity, he led me at once into the house to be introduced to his family and friends. I found a large number of guests congregated in the breakfast-room, and I was thus graciously introduced by the head of the house into an elegant and select company, that smiled their kindness and attention to me, as if they had long known me. It appeared that my coming had formed part of the conversation of the morning, for allusion to the object of my visit was soon made. There were present Lady Scott, Charles and Miss Scott,—a German, Baron D'Este, the

Rev. Dr. Hughes, of St. Paul's, London, and his lady, &c.

The name of *Thomas Bewick* had already gained for me the favourable attentions of Mrs. Hughes, who told me in a kind and friendly manner that my namesake had quite won her heart by the beautiful engravings in his publications. 'Indeed,' she said, 'I am so much indebted to him, that I could wish to have the opportunity of expressing my obligations, for you must know that, whenever my children were cross or ill, I had recourse to Bewick's tailpieces, or his birds and animals, to pacify and amuse them; and they never failed to restore them to good humour and dry up their tears. And I am delighted to have the opportunity of telling my gratitude to one, even of the name of Bewick, and I hope you may be able to convey my acknowledgments to himself.'

This charming lady's cordiality set me quite at ease, and as the party separated to get ready for a drive, Sir Walter kindly inquired what I should require for making the drawing, and ordered a servant-man to attend upon me and

get whatever I wished during his absence. Then apologizing for having to attend upon the ladies to show them something of interest in the neighbourhood, he left me to my engagement with the death-like features of Queen Mary, of Scotland, whose living charms, and grace and eloquence, have been so vividly portrayed in his 'Abbot.' Alas! the interesting memento that I copied is the lifeless head of features once lovely, struck off from the body of the Princess. The original painting is in oil colours, by Annius Cawood, dated Fotheringay the 9th of February, 1587. The head appears to be represented on a silver salver, or dish, covered with black crape; and Sir Walter observed that the room where the body lay after execution was locked up for three days, and it was supposed the painting was done during that time.

As some of my friends were afterwards interested to know all about the painting from which my drawing was done, I wrote to Sir Walter Scott, and received the following reply:—

'SIR,—I have pleasure in affording you all the information I possess concerning the picture, but it is not much. Mr. Bullock, the naturalist,

brought me a message from a gentleman then going abroad and disposing of a collection of pictures, expressing a wish that I should be possessed of this one either by gift or purchase, naming a moderate price (10*l.* I think, but am not certain), if I preferred the latter arrangement. He stated that the gentleman who had so kindly thought upon me, had received the picture in a present from a friend in Prussia, and therefore did not wish to expose it to public sale. This is all I know of it. I have forgotten even the name of the former proprietor, but I have it written down somewhere.

I am happy to have had an opportunity of gratifying your curiosity, which will not however be altogether gratis. I am afraid the ladies will hold you but a perjured person unless you favour them with a copy of the sketch of Abbotsford which you had the goodness to promise them, and which will find us here if sent by any of the coaches. I will be happy to see you if you will call as you pass through Edinburgh, being, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

* 39 Castle Street, 18 May, 1824.

I afterwards received the following letter from Colonel Shipperdson, of Durham :—

DEAR SIR,—I received from the hands of Mr. Balmer (the painter) your elegant drawing of Queen Mary's head. It will be interesting to you to read the following extract of a letter from Miss Scott, of Abbotsford, in reference to the painting from which your first drawing was made. The letter is addressed to Mrs. Surtees, of Mainsforth, who was so good as to write to Miss Scott, to inquire the history of the painting.

You ask about Mary Queen of Scots' picture. It was copied by Mr. Bewick, and is thought an original. It was bought in Germany; not by papa, but by a very strange old man, who wished to give it to papa, thinking it of great value. This papa refused. He then offered to sell it, and named forty or fifty guineas, as he always said no one else should have it but him. All the artists admire the picture very much. This is all I remember about it. Letter written in Sir W. Scott's room, darkened on account of his illness, and during attendance upon him.

Your faithful, humble servant,

EDWARD SHIPPERDSON.

To W. Bewick, Esq.

After I had partaken of luncheon I finished my drawing and was preparing to take leave, but Sir Walter told me that as dinner would soon be on the table he should be glad if I would remain and dine, and 'Lady Scott desires me to keep you,' he added. 'I am not to allow you to leave the house before dinner, so, you see, your engagement is fixed by the fair, and is beyond the will of both you and myself, for you cannot say no to a lady's wish;' and laughing in his good-humoured way he sat down by me. Although I was very desirous to show Mr. Hazlitt the drawing of the head I had described to him, and about which I had interested him so much, yet there was no denying the wish of Sir Walter and Lady Scott, nor had I any inclination to decline the honour of sharing their hospitality. My first dinner at Abbotsford was elegant, and, as my friend Thackeray would have said, *recherché*. The conversation was light and agreeable, and went merrily round, for the party was not large enough to induce isolated gossip. The young Baron was entertaining and gentlemanly, and indulged Miss Scott with romance, music,

and gallantry. The reverend Doctor was unfortunately deaf, but Mrs. Hughes made amends for all her good-natured husband's failings by her tact and gracious volubility. She sat near me, and spoke much about her son's taste for drawing, and his beautiful sketch-book, which she showed me afterwards. Lady Scott and she conversed about their families, and Sir Walter seemed to take the opportunity of expressing his mind about his son Charles, who he said was wasting his precious time from morning to night every day, either fishing or shooting, while he had not the pleasure or satisfaction of seeing his face for days together, for he was off by sunrise, and as far as he knew did not return till bedtime. 'It is all very well to make an amusement of sport occasionally, but that boy works hard at fishing every day, as if for his livelihood. But I suppose it will have an end at a given time, like every other hobby of youth, and I leave it to his own good sense, you know, Mrs. Scott.' Then turning to me, he said, 'I observe that Sir Joshua Reynolds was very fond of children, and the children reciprocated his

feelings. He used to play with them, and he delighted to amuse them,—would roll himself on the carpet, and become himself a boy, with all the fun and joy and laughter of childhood. How delightful it is, and what an idea it gives us of his amiability and goodness! For myself, I have often tried to ingratiate myself with the innocent, dear little things. I admire their beauty, and enjoy their pretty prattle, but somehow or other I never seem to make a favourable impression. I do not succeed with them, they do not approach me with the familiarity or favour that they show to other men. I am sure I have often tried to take pains enough to gain their good opinion, and I would do anything to obtain their confidence and love.'

When the ladies retired I took the opportunity of intimating to my kind host that I had a long walk to Melrose before me. He gently laid hold of my arm, and in most persuasive accents said, 'Oh, dear, no, sir, the ladies are waiting for us in the drawing-room, and they expect you there to take your tea, and very likely they will favour us with a little

music;' adding, as he rubbed his hands together, with his pleasant, open-hearted smile, 'They will not like your slipping away in this fashion, I assure you. Come, come away, let us to the divinities of the tea-table;' and thus in his own friendly way he ushered me into the drawing-room, where the reverend gentleman of St. Paul's and the Baron had already taken their places.

The brilliant gaslight, the elegance and taste displayed throughout this beautiful apartment, the costumes of the ladies, with the sparkle and glitter of the tea-table, its steaming urn and comfortable beverage, all tended to impress one with a sense of the luxury of a home and fireside in the high scale of society in which the owner of Abbotsford moved.

To see 'the great story-teller' seated upon a low ottoman by the fire, the lowliest of this gay party, sipping his bohea, conversing in his humorous way with the simplicity peculiar to him, appeared to me delightful. His stores of anecdote, historic ballads, legends, and exciting stories, seemed to be inexhaustible; and as he told them with suitable expression of mystery,

awe, wonder, or surprise, he would chuckle and enjoy the effects he produced upon his hearers. Amused, too, he seemed as he observed Mrs. Hughes ever and anon busy with a small note-book, in which she jotted down words and memoranda, that we may suppose would be written out at length after she retired. When a quaint old Scotch ballad was repeated she had some difficulty in following the recital, and asked Sir Walter to indulge her again. He said, 'Never mind that now, Mrs. Hughes, I will take care to write it out for you in the morning;' and at breakfast the promised transcript was handed over, with the observation, 'There, Mrs. Hughes, is what you wished, I have not forgotten you.'

Something was mentioned about Spence, and Sir Walter observed, 'There is another old Scotch ballad, *Sir Patrick Spence*, which I will endeavour to remember,' and pausing for a short time, with closed eyes, swaying his body to and fro, he commenced in a low, mournful kind of recitative, peculiar I presume to poets or minstrels, as I have never heard the harmonious chant from any other persons. As

it must be interesting to all to read what Sir Walter took such pleasure in reciting, it is scarcely necessary to make any apology for the insertion here of the quaint old ballad.

Sir Patrick Spence.

The king sits in Dumferline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine:
Oh, where will I get a guid sailòr,
To sail this ship of mine?

Up and spak an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee;
Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailòr,
That sails upon the sea.

The king has written a braid letter,
And signed it wi' his hand;
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick read,
A loud laugh laughèd he:
The next line that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his ee.

And who is this has done the deed,
This ill deed done to me;
To send me out this time o' the year,
To sail upon the sea?

'Mak haste, mak haste, my merry men all,
Our good ship sails the morn.'
'Oh, say not so, my master dear,
For I fear a deadlie storm.

'Late, late yestreen I saw the new moon
Wi' the old moon in her arms;
And I fear, I fear, my dear master,
That we will come to harm.'

Oh, our Scots nobles were right loth
To wet their cork-heel'd shoone;
But lang ere all the play were played,
Their hats they swam aboone.

Oh, lang, lang, may their ladies sit
With their fans into their hand,
Or ere they see Sir Patrick Spence
Cum sailing to the land.

Oh, lang, lang, may the ladies stand
Wi' their gold combs in their hair,
Waiting for their ain dear lords,
For they 'll see them na mair.

Have owre, have owre to Aberdour,
It's fifty fathom deep:
And there lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

No one reading the above lament, who is not from the 'north of the Tweed,' can appreciate the deep impression that the mournful intonation of the Scottish accent produces, when re-

cited with propriety and feeling, as was the case on this occasion. Memory takes me back to the sonorous, tremulous, prolonged, and melancholy sound of the poet's voice as he uttered the last two fatal lines, when the hearers hung with tearful attention upon the sensitive lips that trembled with emotion.

During the above recitation, Baron d'Este and Miss Scott had ceased their musical entertainment, which had been going on apart from the company,—the Baron endeavouring to show Miss Scott how in Germany they introduced, in guitar performances of martial music, the imitation of the beating of drums. This the young Baron did with great spirit and effect, and Miss Scott seemed in ecstasies with him and his accomplishments.

When they resumed their guitar music, and seemed absorbed in difficult pieces of harmony, Sir Walter cast his observant eyes towards them with a look of paternal pleasure, and whispered to Mrs. Hughes,—

> 'Music! miraculous rhetoric, that speakest sense
> Without a tongue, excelling eloquence.'

All the company were listening to the Baron's

extraordinary performance upon the guitar, and being uneasy as to my return to Melrose, I thought it a good opportunity to retire, but Sir Walter held me by the hand, saying he had never deemed it hospitable to turn a friend out so late in a country-place like Abbotsford, that a bed had been already prepared for me, and I must make myself at home. Lady Scott uniting her entreaties that I would remain, I resigned myself, 'nothing loth,' to the cordiality and intellectual enjoyment of this magic circle.

Sir Walter inquired of me if I knew the curious old ballad, or rather he might call it tragedy, of *Bewick and Graham* — to which I replied that I had never heard of it before. He then said he would try to amuse me by repeating what he could remember of it.

BEWICK AND GRAHAM.

Old Graham he has to Carlisle gone,
Where Sir Robert Bewick there met he,
In arms to the wine they are gone,
And drank till they were both merry.

Old Graham, he took up the cup,
And said, 'Brother Bewick, here's to thee,
And here's to our two sons at home,
For they live best in our country.

'Nay, were thy son as good as mine,
And if some books he could but read,
With sword and buckler by his side,
To see how he could save his head;

'They might have been call'd two bold brethren,
Wherever they do go or ride,
They might have been call'd two bold brethren,
They might have crack'd the border side.'

The Laird Graham takes offence at what Bewick says so disparagingly of his son, pays his reckoning, and rides home in a passion, telling his eldest son, Christy Graham, the offensive epithets applied to him.

'He said thou wast bad, and call'd thee a lad,
And company to his son cannot be,
For his son Bewick can both write and read,
And sure I cannot say that of thee.

'I put thee to school, but thou wouldst not learn,
I bought thee books, but thou wouldst not read,
But my blessing thou shalt never have
Till with Bewick thou canst save thy head.'

Now Christy Graham, being urged by his father, objects to fight a duel with his dearest friend; but the old man insists and throws down his own glove, saying, 'Here is my glove, — thou shalt fight me.' Thus compelled to give

battle he meets his friend Bewick and challenges him—

'Away, away, thou Billy Bewick,
And if care, man, let us be,
If thou be a man, as I trow thou art,
Come over this ditch and fight with me.'

* * * *

Now they fell to with two broad swords,
For two long hours fought Bewick and he.

One being struck down, the other, having vowed not to survive his friend,

First bequeathed his soul to God,
And upon his sword lept he.

Both dying were buried in the same grave. But—

Now we'll leave off talking of these bold brethren
In Carlisle town, where they were slain,
And talk of these two good old men,
Where they were making a pitiful main.

And now up spake Sir Robert Bewick,
'O man, was I not much to blame?
I have lost one of the liveliest lads
That ever was bred unto my name.'

With that up spake my good Laird Graham,
'O man, I've lost the better block,
I've lost my comfort and my joy,
I've lost my key, I've lost my lock.'

'Such sad tragedies,' said Sir Walter, were not uncommon in these rough times of border hardihood. The ballad is written in the quaint old style of the time; but I have no recollection of the name of the author. The Laird Graham, I suppose to be of the Netherby family, and you, I suppose, will be descended from the original stock of Sir Robert Bewick, or, as my friend Surtees would say, you are originally of the Tyne-side Bewicks. I think there is a romantic legend respecting some of your name, that I learned when at Rokeby, and which, if I remember right, has a fatal catastrophe attached to it; but it contains some attributes of the same high spirit, and, if I may so, of obstinacy and pride, as the character of Sir Robert Bewick himself. You will, no doubt, remember the ancient story of your family on the banks of the Tees, as I heard it there, better than I can, Mr. Bewick, and will favour us with a short recital.'

I then told him what I had heard, as forming a tale we used to denominate *Aunt Sarah's Legend.*

'My family is an ancient one, and was located long ago on the Tyne, where it had large estates,

some of which we might have been enjoying now, but for the independent spirit of one of my ancestors. My great-grandfather in his early manhood became acquainted with a very beautiful but nearly portionless young lady in his own neighbourhood. Her beauty and modesty quickly won his heart; but his parents were sadly disappointed at the inequality of the match, having formed very different views for their son, and his father, in the height of his indignation, declared that he would disinherit him if he persisted in attaching himself to the portionless beauty. Opposition, as was perhaps to be expected, only added fuel to the flame, the father's conduct was declared to be "tyranny," and to escape from it the young man persuaded his beloved to marry him privately. The fiery father, when informed of the union, could not control his indignation, and carried out the threat which he had previously uttered.

'The youthful pair do not appear to have yielded to despondency on this event, for my ancestress was as proud as she was beautiful. They determined to leave the neighbourhood that had been their home; and gathering to-

gether the little property they could call their own, comprising a small library of books, some pictures, and a very little money, they removed to the banks of the Tees, where their descendants continue to cherish a spirit of self-dependence and decision more conducive to their happiness, perhaps, than the possession of inherited estates.'

Sir Walter and his friends gave a kindly attention to this little story, and Sir Walter playfully christened it, 'All for Love.'

When ten o'clock had arrived, the hour of separation for the night, the distinguished host told me, 'they always made it a rule when in the country to retire to bed at that early hour, and in the morning breakfast would be on the table at nine, so that until then your time is at your own disposal, and we shall then be glad to see you.' Everyone took his night-taper, and we dispersed to our several chambers, Sir Walter shaking hands and wishing every one a hearty good-night. Then attending me to my room, and turning up the gaslight, he said, 'You see, here is the gas lighted ready for you; you can keep it burning all night by turning it down,

thus to the size of a pin's head; and if you wish for light during the night turn it up again.' I dare say you will find everything comfortable and proper, but should there be anything wanting, pray ring the bell.' Then casting his observant eye about the room he wished me 'good night and a sound sleep,' thus offering to me as a stranger the marked attention and hospitality of a true gentleman, with that frank simplicity that characterised him.

It may be imagined that sleep did not come to me very early. I lay on my couch in wakeful ecstasy, ruminating on the highly interesting events of the day. Can it be, thought I, that I am really in the lair of the lion? Am I then in the mansion of the charmer—under the mystical roof of the alchymist?—the supposed concocter of those extraordinary productions that are exciting such world-wide interest, admiration, and curiosity? Is it here that the yarn is spun and the woof elaborated in such perfection, with such successful secresy that the mystery even gives zest, and the uncertainty produces speculation as to who is, and who is not, the being that possesses such wonderful power

of production, so original, and of quality and excellence so varied. These works came upon the world of literature as a new pleasure of the time, and were devoured with such appetite that they could with difficulty be supplied fast enough, or in sufficient quantity. All ranks and qualities of men were reading them as they appeared, and it was then that all men's minds were occupied with the question, who was '*the great unknown*' writer of them; and although many eminent individuals were named, yet it came generally to be allowed that no one was so likely to possess claims to such varied powers as Sir Walter Scott.

As I thus lay sleepless and meditating, I thought upon the strange but fortunate chance that had brought me in contact with the three distinguished authors of the period, Knowles, Hazlitt, and Scott, within such narrow limits of place and time that I could almost fancy I had been in their company together. I have said *chance*, for it was by mere accident that Mr. Hazlitt pointed out the picturesque hills at Melrose, and desired to be taken there; and this place was so near to Abbotsford, that I was

induced to walk over, and was afterwards invited to remain the guest. These three gifted men were remarkable for their original genius, as well as for their party politics in a stirring epoch of our history. Scott was a professed high Tory, honoured by the King. Knowles wrote *William Tell,* every line of which breathes the spirit of liberty, and he was then the proprietor of *The Glasgow Free Press.* Hazlitt was a fiery Bonapartist, and something more. The first and last wrote their lives of Bonaparte, how diverse the world already knows.

It was long before I slept. I could not but reflect upon the unaccountable phases and vicissitudes that occasionally fall to the lot of man. Here I was, thrown into the lap of elegance and luxury, of every domestic enjoyment. I cast my thoughts back to the late troubles and anxieties of my London life, with my arduous exertions and struggles for success and fame. Alas! these hopes and exertions, assisted by the want of means, the dire misfortunes and utter ruin of one friend, and the base want of feeling and breach of honour of another pretender, had failed; so that the misery and the desperation of my

situation had become insupportable. I now lay on the downy bed of luxury, amidst the elegance of domestic indulgence, and surrounded by all the concomitants of honourable distinction and the rewards of successful genius. The contrast was too great; my tears flowed, and I breathed a prayer of thanksgiving to the great Dispenser of all good. My short sleep was the most profound and felicitous that had visited my pillow for many a long night.

Morning came; and after breakfast I made a sketch of the building for Baron d'Este, which he was desirous of having to show to his mother in Germany, who had been, I understood, a friend of Sir Walter's in early life.

I now became very anxious to return to Melrose to show Mr. Hazlitt my drawing, and Sir Walter very kindly took great interest about it, brought me an old portfolio to carry it safely, and in reply to Lady Scott, who wished to send it by a servant, said, smiling to me, 'I warrant you, Mr. Bewick will be something like myself, he would rather not lose sight of it, but take it in his own keeping,' to which I thankfully assented. And now

every one came forward and cordially shook me by the hand,—Sir Walter attending me to the door. There pausing, he drew me aside, and asked if Mr. Hazlitt was at Melrose? I replied in the affirmative. He then inquired, with some expression of curiosity, and in earnest tones, though with delicacy, 'What he was doing down here?' There was hesitation in his tone, as if some doubt existed whether he ought to have asked the question. However, I had nothing to conceal, and frankly told him that Mr. Hazlitt was on his marriage tour, and also of his then writing a paper for the *Edinburgh Review*. Sir Walter observed, with great apparent sincerity, that 'Mr. Hazlitt was one of our most eloquent authors, and a man, as far as he could be allowed to judge, of great natural and original genius; that it was a pity such great powers were not concentrated upon some important work, valuable to his country, to literature, and lasting to his fame.' He then pressed my hand in his and kindly urged me to be sure and call upon him when he returned to Edinburgh.

I hastened with the drawing to Melrose,

thinking of all I had to recount to Hazlitt, of Sir Walter's high opinion of his genius, and his friendly expressions towards him as an author, which I was sure would be most pleasing to him; and of the hospitality and kindness I had received from all parties. In fact I thought I had a pleasant budget of interesting information about Abbotsford and its lord for him. What was my surprise and disappointment to find the bird had flown! My eccentric friend had quitted Melrose for the south, and there was a kind letter explaining the reasons for his departure, with a present, as a memorial of our meeting at this romantic place, of the two volumes of Lady Morgan's *Salvator Rosa and his Times*, with Hazlitt's notes and remarks, made on reading for his critique upon the work for the *Edinburgh Review*, which he wrote whilst here.

It so happened that we did not meet again for some years after, and when, where, and how we came together once more will be afterwards recounted.

I forgot to mention that Sir Walter Scott put into my safe keeping a small parcel nicely

tied and sealed up, directed to his publishers, requesting me to deliver it myself *safely* as soon as I arrived in Edinburgh. His manner and expression were serious and impressive as he held the parcel in his hand until the last moment of my leaving him, when he again desired me to be careful of his little packet, as 'it was of consequence, and he relied upon me.' I made myself certain that I was the bearer of some portion of 'copy' of a forthcoming Waverley Novel, and felt the importance of my situation as being implicated in the great mystery. On my arrival in Edinburgh I waited upon the publishers, and found one of them seated in the shop, under a window, with Captain Basil Hall, examining together some 'proofs' very attentively. I no sooner said I was the bearer of the packet from Sir Walter Scott than they both lowered their proofs and took a regular Scotch stare at me, wondering what and who I could be; and probably the Captain might wonder what part of the Scotch novels I had to do with, for suspicion and mystery spread to everybody but those really in the secret.

CHAPTER X.

MR. BEWICK'S FAME AS A COPYIST — REMBRANDT IN GLASGOW UNIVERSITY — GENERAL GRAHAM — INVITATION TO THE EGLINTOUN TOURNAMENT — THE PORTRAIT GALLERY — VISIT TO IRELAND — JOURNEY FROM BELFAST TO DUBLIN — DUBLIN — REV. CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN — RICHARD SHIEL AND WILLIAM HENRY CURRAN — SHERIDAN KNOWLES — SIR ARTHUR AND LADY CLARK — MR. HAMILTON ROWAN — LORD NORBURY, THE PUNNING JUDGE — LADY MORGAN.

MR. BEWICK had now acquired great skill as a copyist, and while at Gartmore, the guest of Mr. Graham, he had made a copy of a 'Rembrandt,' for which that gentleman had given 4000*l.* The person who had sold the original obtained a loan of the copy, and was so charmed with it, that he steadily refused to give it up, saying that he had always regretted parting with the original; but this copy was so nearly equal to it, that it in great measure reconciled him to the loss of his picture, and he concluded by begging Mr. Bewick to name his price. He did

so, and it was paid at once, but Mr. Bewick never saw his picture again.

The fame of Bewick's success in this copy reached Glasgow before the artist himself. At a dinner-party there, which included several gentlemen who took an interest in art and artists, a discussion arose on the style and colour of Rembrandt, and the materials used by him to produce his effects of light and shadow, and the strong impasto on the surface of his pictures. The discussion was suggested by the wonderful sketch by Rembrandt in Glasgow University; and a very spirited argument was maintained between two of the party, the one asserting that he could not have produced such an impasto without the aid of wax or some similar material, while the other contended that it might be done with pure colour and linseed oil, and that Rembrandt used nothing but these simple materials, which accounts for the manner in which his works stand the test of time. The opponent offered to lay a wager that it could not be done, and Bewick undertook to make a copy, using nothing but linseed oil and pure colour. He had almost

finished his task, and being anxious to study the effect, he had put his copy in the frame and the original on his easel, when two of the professors came in, and having looked carefully at both, said, 'Well, Mr. Bewick, we cannot tell one from the other, this is so perfect a *facsimile* of the original.' This remark decided the wager, which was cheerfully paid, and thus was exploded the idea of vehicles. This copy afterwards deceived a very great judge of Rembrandt's works in London. This gentleman, when he saw it, was convinced it was an original work of the great artist, and offered to purchase it as such. When assured that it was only a copy, he expressed his astonishment at the artistic skill displayed in so faithful a reproduction.

'Whilst in Edinburgh,' writes Mr. Bewick, 'General Graham, at that time Governor of the Castle, drove me to his seat at Gartmore, in the Highlands, to see a fine Rembrandt. The place was a most lovely one; the approach being lined by an avenue of Portugal laurels, twelve or fourteen feet high. Here I remained a fortnight, during which

time the General permitted me to make a copy of this fine work, and showed me the most courteous hospitality, taking me to see the different views and fine scenery in which this neighbourhood abounds. Here were eagles with their nests perched on the magnificent trees. The coachman, a daring fellow, attempted to climb these gigantic trees, and succeeded in bringing us a nest of young ones. Presently the old ones returned, and their shrieks and batterings became so fearful that it was thought advisable to leave them their young.

'During my sojourn at my native place, where I had been ordered for change of air, I was agreeably surprised by the honour of an invitation from the Earl of Eglinton to witness the magnificent entertainment got up by that chivalrous and high-spirited nobleman. Notwithstanding my then delicate state, my spirits rallied when I thought of the opportunity now afforded me of witnessing in reality the grand sight which I had so often pictured in my imagination, when reading the ever-delightful and graphic descriptions of the tour-

nament given by Sir Walter Scott in his *Ivanhoe.*'

From Edinburgh Mr. Bewick went to Glasgow, where he made an exhibition of his works, and added several new portraits to his gallery. It will be remembered that Dr. Birkbeck was the founder of Mechanics' Institutions, and that his first institution was established in Glasgow. For this institution Mr. Bewick had painted a portrait of Dr. Birkbeck. He had been requested to be present at one of their meetings, by a deputation which had waited on him in London; and when, being in the city, he complied with their request, and was introduced as the painter of their founder, all the meeting rose *en masse* and cheered the artist, who was lifted off his feet on to the lecture-table, that all might see him, while the names of Bewick and Birkbeck resounded through the hall.

When Bewick left London he had no intention of extending his tour further than Scotland, but an accidental suggestion, thrown out at a dinner-party at Glasgow, induced him to pay a short visit to Ireland also. His intention at first was only to take a short trip to

Belfast and the neighbourhood; but he was so pleased by what he there saw of the Sister Isle, that he determined to extend his journey to Dublin. To one so observant, a visit to Ireland could not but prove advantageous, presenting to him new forms of scenery and new types of character. There was a good deal in the nature of Bewick which enabled him readily to appreciate the finer qualities of the Irish character, and the sympathy thus awakened procured him ready admission to the homes and hearts of those whom he met there. Travelling on the top of the stage-coach at a time when railroads were undreamed of in Ireland, he doubtless witnessed many strange exemplifications of national life and character, with which he afterwards adorned his sketch-book. His gallery also was greatly enriched by the portraits of the able and genial men with whom he became acquainted in the Irish metropolis. Lord Norbury, O'Connell, Maturin, Shiel, Curran, Lady Morgan, and other celebrated natives of the Emerald Isle, were thus added to his portfolio.

Note of a Visit to Ireland.

While we were chatting over our punch at a dinner-party at Glasgow, some one proposed a run over to Belfast by steamer from Greenock, as there was opposition and fares were nominal. A party was formed, of which I was one. We examined at leisure the town and neighbourhood of Belfast, scrutinised and visited some of the inhabitants to whom we had introductions, or with whom we were acquainted; among others, a Mr. or Dr. Gray, a very intelligent clergyman and father of Mrs. Hogg, the wife of the Ettrick Shepherd. The whole of the party were so far delighted with the Emerald Isle, and it was proposed to continue our tour to Dublin. We placed ourselves, therefore, on the top of the coach, that the best view of the beautiful country might be had, and we galloped all the way in the finest style that the coaching times could boast of, for the roads, the country, and the horses were superb; the merry guard playing a selection of Irish melodies all the way upon his key-bugle—pigs, donkeys, ducks, and

chickens flying before us, with crowds of ragged urchins—lame, blind and halt running bare-legged round the coach to catch the halfpence thrown from the top to excite their cupidity. The journey from Belfast to Dublin was all fun, obstreperous frolic, and joyous hilarity. Guard, driver, and horses, all young, seemed to be alive with the spirit of Irish waggery, that amused and astonished some of my cautious and sedate Scotch friends, who could not help laughing with the rest, but called out at every risk of an overthrow —'Have a care, man, and do not at this frightful rate break our necks, *so far frae hame.*' A merry, care-nothing sort of laugh from coachee, and the delicious notes of *Paddy Carey* from the key-bugle of the guard, were the only responses to the cautious prudence of my Glasgow friends; and we rattled away, changing horses at every posting-house, where the jeers and wit and fun of mine host, and all his pack of stable-men and boys, kept up the farce, and the merry laugh rang round as the guard gave his 'All right,' and we started off again at full speed, the bugle sounding chorus to the shouts and the hearty cheer of the free, gay spirits we left behind us. Surely

it was a novelty to the natives of Scotia to witness this business done in such masterly style, off-hand, with drollery and smiling humour, as if it were the mere frolic of youthful pleasantry, and we were going to the wedding of *Ballyporeen*, or some of those sportive Irish fairs where the 'boys' would play off some of their choicest sprees with their shillelahs, and 'perty sport' of breaking heads.

Thus we galloped up to Bilton's Hotel in Sackville Street, Dublin, covered with a liberal coating of Irish dust, and ready to devour whatever of edibles might be set before us; and to do justice to this establishment, I must report that no hotel was ever better served than Bilton's in 1824. My Scotch friends were profuse in praise of the abundance of silver with which we were served; and they remarked it was well they came there, saying that they only had selected Bilton's because he was a Scotchman, and they seemed proud of their countryman's success, and took care to make it known to the host that they were from 'the Land o' Cakes.'

After having seen all that our guide-books and an occasional *cicerone* deemed interesting

in the metropolis of the *Emerald Isle*, my friends returned to their quiet homes and to their business habits at Glasgow, leaving me behind to see a little more of the gay society and the intellectual celebrities that adorn this polished and elegant city; for I hoped to combine enjoyment with the interest of adding to my portfolio the heads of some of the eminent men I might be fortunate enough to meet in society. Thus I was introduced to most of the persons distinguished for intellectual or literary ability in the Irish capital; and from most I succeeded in obtaining consent to sit for sketches or finished drawings, life-size; and I brought away with me an exceedingly interesting collection of portraits of men of fame and character, such as Chief Justice Bushe — Lord Norbury — O'Connell — Maturin — Shiel — Curran — Carmichael, with Lady Morgan, and her charming sister Lady Olivia Clarke, with whom and Sir Arthur Clarke I had the pleasure of passing a good deal of my spare time, for she gave me; and my sprightly and talented friend, Mr. Curran,

a general dinner invitation, whenever either of us was disengaged. In these delightful hospitalities, in society so accomplished, refined, and enjoyable, a few weeks glided quickly away; and I have to express my acknowledgments and gratitude for the courtesy and friendship I everywhere met with, amidst this lively, hearty, and talented people. Do not let me forget that it was because I was there as a young *artist*, that my reception was open-handed, manifesting in the people of this brilliant capital an appreciating intelligence and estimation of the *agrémens* of ART. And I do hope that I was able to convey to my entertainers a sense of the gratitude that I felt for their attentions, and an assurance of the high consideration, esteem, and affection, I shall ever entertain for them.

The first remarkable Irishman whom I attempted to portray was the Rev. Charles Robert Maturin, the author of *Bertram*, *Melmoth*, &c. I had read his works, and was anxious to secure, not only a faithful likeness of

him, but, as far as lay in my power to give it, *the character of his mind*, as it might appear either in his general appearance, in particular configuration, or in his expression when excited by feeling or passion. And accordingly I tried to engage him, whilst he was sitting, in subjects analogous to his strange turn of mind, and to the gloomy tendency of his wild imagination.

From reading his works, and from what I had heard of the idiosyncracy of his very peculiar and original genius, I had formed in my own mind a vague but defined notion of what he was like; and my expectations were raised at the prospect of seeing him in his own house,—where it might be supposed he would be found in all the picturesque surroundings one is apt to associate with the author of works of such mysterious gloom and burning passion. What was my surprise and disappointment when, coming to him by appointment, I found him waiting for me dressed up for the occasion, a courteous and finished gentleman, pacing his drawing-room

in elegant full dress, a splendidly bound book laid open upon a cambric pocket-handkerchief, laced round the edges and scented with *eau-de-Cologne*, and held upon both hands; a stylish new black wig curled over his temples, his shirt-collar reaching half-way up his face, and his attenuated cheeks rouged up to the eyes! It was a perfect *make-up*, and my chagrin was accordingly great. I had expected to find him in a costume which would have been such as to aid the poetical character, in something Byronic and picturesque, something suggestive of the personification of a wild and romantic hero, cast in the sombre light and shade of mysterious thought or ascetic asperity. I had expected that the author of *Melmoth* would have received me as an author in his true character; not in the elegance fit for a lady's boudoir, or with the etiquette of the court of George IV., but seated in his dark studio, where the walls and ceiling were black,—the light only admitted from one pane of the window above, which would have fallen upon his fine intellectual forehead, on which

the wafer might be placed which indicated to his family that he was engaged in communings with the spirits of his imagination, and that the chain of his cogitations was not to be interrupted by any call to meals, but that a perfect silence must reign in his household while the afflatus was upon him. Indeed I was told that on these occasions all domestic matters were conducted by signs only, speech or noise of any kind being prohibited.

Before commencing the portrait, I explained to Mr. Maturin what it was I wished to obtain in the drawing,—that I only desired to represent his natural character, and to embody his mental traits. Upon which he seemed satisfied, and begged I would just do as I wished with him. Whereupon I began to disrobe him of his neckcloth and collar, and of every accessory likely to detract from his individual character. When the drawing was finished, I was rather alarmed lest his family should be disappointed that I had not dressed him up in the style in which they no doubt

had put him into my hands. However, upon seeing it, they all expressed their unbounded satisfaction at the perfect resemblance, and Mrs. Maturin was affected to tears; their beautiful daughter sympathising with a grace and simplicity truly affecting. I was struck with the elegance of this family; while their appreciation, lively affection, and interest in Mr. Maturin, seemed to lend an additional charm to the peculiarities of a genius so original. He appeared delighted that his family thought the drawing so like him, expressed himself proud of it, and begged to be allowed to present me with a copy of his *Five Sermons on the Errors of the Roman Catholic Church*, just published.

I could not but view a gentleman and scholar endowed with such rare intellectual powers as Mr. Maturin, with his interesting family round him, with feelings of commiseration; he only *an assistant curate*, with so small a pittance for his Christian labours as would scarcely suffice for the most ordinary mechanical labour, often embarrassed, and in pecuniary difficulties that must have oppressed and goaded his sensitive

mind. Surely there must be something shamefully at fault when the good things of the Church are so unequally divided. An educated gentleman and scholar ought to be provided with necessaries for himself and family in decency and respectability, and not allowed to pine in the misery of want, and die in premature decay. Such a state of things, so prejudicial to the Church itself, makes reasonable men blush, while they hope for a reformation so evidently necessary to its stability.

The next attempt I made upon the genius and character of Irish spirits were the two friends, Richard Lalor Shiel and William Henry Curran. These two gentlemen were then living together in the same house in Dublin. The first, it may be remembered, was one of the most brilliant and eloquent men at the Irish Bar, and afterwards in the English Parliament—some time Master of the Mint—retiring, on account of his health, as Ambassador to Florence, where he died rather suddenly, having achieved a brilliant reputation by his genius as a poet, his eloquence as a speaker, and his wisdom as a

statesman. At the time my drawing was done he was the successful author of *Evadne*, a tragedy, and other works, and I sketched him as a poet just as I found him in his study. Mr. Curran is still living, and continues to do honour to the Bar or the Bench of Ireland, of which he is one of the ornaments. He is the author of a very interesting life of his father, the Right Honourable J. P. Curran, who is said to have been 'the most celebrated wit that ever graced the Irish Bar.' It was delightful to witness the gentle and social friendship existing between these two men, with what kindness and sincerity they mutually asked and received advice on points of difficulty in their profession, and on what a generous footing they seemed with each other. They gave a dinner-party, to which I was invited in order to meet some of the merry spirits of the time; and the feast was graced by the sprightly humour and vivacity that was sure to characterise a reunion of intelligent Irishmen, most of whom were of celebrity or distinction. Sheridan Knowles being then in his native place was one of the

invited. There was also Comerford, the famous miniature-painter, whose great hobby at this time happened to be the invention of the steam-engine; and as he sat near to me at dinner his conversation, which was lively and vivacious, turned upon this the most extraordinary discovery of the period. He discussed his valves, pistons, wheels, and boilers, and in the midst of some general laugh of the wits of the table, his steam would explode, and he would look out of his engine-shop, as it were, like one waking and peering out of a dream, and ask 'What was that, I wonder?' and when I had repeated the cause of merriment, he would add his after-laugh to the roar that had excited his attention. Knowles was in great good-humour, and in a fine vein of conversational hilarity. Wit and mirthful intelligence, with touches of the racy Irish brogue, in imitation of well-known characters, enlivened the pleasantry that flowed in continuous streams of facetious waggery down both sides of the table.

Leaving the elegant entertainment that we had enjoyed so much at a late hour, my friend

Knowles seemed not quite satisfied that we should part for the night without having a little cozy conversation together; and for this end he invited me to join him in a treat, as he said, that could be had nowhere but in Dublin. Then seizing me by the arm, he led me to a well-known resort, where, entering by a glass door, I could not but express my delight and astonishment at the brilliant gaslights and the perspective of a reception-room that seemed at least half a mile long, with innumerable tables, most of which were occupied by guests engaged in the night's entertainment of feasting and drinking. Having taken our places at a table by ourselves, the author of *Virginius* rang the bell, and the ready waiter stood before him. 'Now, my good friend,' exclaimed the author, striking the table with theatrical effect (which startled the said waiter) 'it is thirteen years since I was in my own country, therefore treat us well; show to this English gentleman, my friend, what noble shell-fish you can boast of in Dublin; let us have the best you have in the house.' The waiter, all smiles and delight at such a complaisant countryman, replied in the richest

brogue, 'An shure yer honor may dipind upon having the best that's to be had either in the house or in all Dublin city.' And here, at this new and novel feast we remained, enjoying ourselves, and beguiling the hours with sweet converse until morning, 'when daylight doth appear,' quite forgetting that we had previously been fed upon dainties in abundance, garnished and spiced with the 'feast of reason and the flow of soul,' that might have satisfied reasonable demands for one day, at least. But the air of Ireland is redolent of spree, fun, enjoyment, pleasure, wit, and humour; and lively repartee seems to be the food and relish of Irish existence. Bon-mots sparkle and beam in smiling faces. A beggar asks charity with a charming smile, and closes his grief in humorous lamentation. Knowles asked me if I was much annoyed by the Irish beggars? I answered 'No, I contrive to get rid of them generally by sometimes speaking in French, sometimes in a gibberish between German and French; and then they stop at once, and leave me gazing in mute disappointment, not because they have not succeeded in getting relieved, but because

they cannot understand what I mean, and it goes beyond their wit to reply to it. Some would say to the others, "Ah! he's foreign, and the likes of them niver have a rap to spare; they only give us blarney." Yesterday, for instance, I accompanied Sir Arthur and Lady Clarke and their family to the "Strawberry-beds." The beggars crowded after us. Lady Clarke had my arm, and the rivals for charity were a teazing pest to me the whole way there; but I hit upon a plan to send them behind to Sir Arthur, by telling them to go to papa, who carried the money. Of course they flew to him, clustered about him and his family, hung upon his flank, tormenting him with their cries, "For the love of God!" "Bliss yer honor, and all yer perty young ladies." "There's a beauty, dear! do tell the gintleman to bestow one ha'penny upon a fatherless mother and her two infant childer." "Ah! yer beautiful curls and yer killing eyes, young lady! do help a poor unfortunate cripple, born so, and niver able to do anything barring asking for charity." "Sure, yer honor, honey, you'll bestow one ha'penny upon a starving family," &c. All this kind of

solicitation was uttered in the raciest vein of persuasive eloquence ; but papa became annoyed, and complained that we in front ought to take some share of the honours of being thus courted in the streets, for he had given away all the "change" he had in his pocket. After our dessert of delicious strawberries, just plucked from the sloping banks where they grew in wonderful luxuriance, the enjoyment ended by a game of romps in the garden, an exciting and favourite amusement in this part of the world.

My friend Knowles and I occasionally met in society during the short time he remained in Dublin, which was very pleasant to me, as I was a stranger.

The next portrait I attempted was one of Comerford, and he was so gratified that in return for the compliment he made a small drawing of me, to show what he also could do with the port-crayon, gracefully telling me that he would keep his drawing in remembrance of the pleasure he had in sitting to me, and the honour of my acquaintance and friendship. Thus artistical courtesies were agreeably exchanged, and

whenever we met I received the most cordial attention from this gentleman.

I was also fortunate enough to have the opportunity of making a characteristic drawing of Mr. Hamilton Rowan, a politician of the old school, and a 'patriot.' He was a scientific amateur, and sat to me in his laboratory, dressed as a student, and if he had let his beard grow, would have made an excellent alchymist for a Teniers or Rembrandt. As it was, his strongly marked features and distinctive character made a striking and remarkable portrait. Mr. Rowan brought his daughter to be introduced to me. She was tall and graceful, and as she advanced with a bewitching smile, I thought her one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen. She reminded me of Guido's 'Magdalene,' a style of beauty that would have been a rich treasure to a painter; and the observation was strikingly impressed upon my mind, What soul appears in the expression of these Irish women of high caste! What native elegance and grace! 'It is the mind that so informs the tenement of clay.' I observed the same feeling, grace, and sensitiveness of manners in Mr. O'Con-

nell's daughters, who, when he sat to me for his portrait, which was early in the morning, before breakfast, came into his study, after walking in the Square, and saluted him, as was their usual custom. While thus sitting for my gratification, he employed his two amanuenses, — sharp fellows, — in writing down to his dictation, his 'opinions' upon two different and distinct law cases. Whilst the one wrote down the words at one side, he dictated to the other, and thus alternating, employed two quick pens at the same time, occasionally adjusting himself to my requirements, and courteously requesting me to correct him should he forget himself and be sitting in a wrong light or position. It was while he was thus engaged that his daughters came into the room to bestow their usual morning salutation. They both greeted their father with a grace and good-breeding truly beautiful and affecting to witness, and the affectionate smile of delight that spread over the features of this extraordinary man as he embraced the two slender figures of his children, awakened in me the wish that I could with propriety have seized the expression of rapturous

love, and fixed it there in my drawing, instead of that character for bold unflinching eloquence for which he was remarkable, and which it was my duty to portray on the present occasion.

I made a drawing of Lord Chief Justice Bushe, characterised by a noble and appropriate seriousness, that promised to award due justice to every cause brought before him, without prejudice or favour.

I likewise took a characteristic portrait of Judge Torrens, called, as a lady told me, the handsome judge, I suppose the handsomest man of the Irish bench or bar at this time. His manners, like his features, were gentlemanly and refined, and in his intelligent eye beamed eloquence, soft and placid.

I had an opportunity of drawing my Lord Norbury, the punning judge, or the hanging judge, as he was sometimes called, from the circumstance of his being the greatest punster of the time, and that he had probably consigned to the hands of the hangman a greater number of unfortunate individuals than any other judge living or dead. Lord Norbury, as may be sup-

posed, was quite a character, and enjoyed a reputation for humour and fun, even in the most grave and serious exigencies, his puns and bon-mots circulating freely in the gossip of the town and the newspapers of the day. His lordship invited me to dine with him,—there were five or six other gentlemen there. He placed me close to him, being deaf, and did his best to be complaisant and courteous to me as a stranger. He conversed about the fine arts, and punned about my chalks, my lines, head and tailpieces, at which everybody laughed, except the monstrously grave old butler standing behind his lordship's chair like a mute, doing nothing and saying nothing, but standing bolt-upright in grave pomp, directing occasionally by signs the other fellows who spun about the table. This old butler was as great an original as Lord Norbury, but a far more important person. His whole attention was concentrated upon his master, and they seemed both utterly unlike anybody else, and quite suited to each other, as if they had been born in one house, at the same time, and rocked in one cradle. Although in different spheres of ex-

istence, each occupied his position with originality and seeming satisfaction. I sketched the head of the master, and I wished I could have done the same with his servant; but an idea of the latter could only be given by presenting the whole figure, as, from the crown of his head to the silver buckles of his shoes, he was one masterpiece of eccentricity. His face and every feature were of the most crooked Irish type conceivable, every line 'out of drawing,' whilst the expression of assumed consequence was the most grotesque and ridiculous imaginable. The hair on his head was white as snow, carefully combed and arranged in plaits or cords, like dimity, from a point at the top, hanging like a large white tassel in thick threads, and cut in a uniform line all round his head; his eyes were like those of a fish, showing the white quite round the pupil, with a peculiar inhuman stare; the nose turned to one side, as if it had had a dab when it was modelled; the mouth was one straight line, like a cut or slit; and the fleshy, fatty muscles of his cheeks quivered upon the slightest move ment or agitation. His voice, too, embraced

the power and variety of the trombone and clarionet,—though it was only heard once on this occasion.

The dinner was excellent, and the wines, in great variety, were passed round in the quick spirit of the country. His lordship was facetious and merry, blowing out his cheeks and puffing, as he laughed and told his jokes in his peculiar way, setting the table on a roar. When he had proposed some health and finished his glass, the ancient butler moved from his statue-like position, and stooping with his mouth near his master's ear, shouted in the rich brogue of his country, at the top of his changeable voice, 'Your lordship has had enough wine.' The word 'enough' enunciated with such firm expression left his master no choice; and he with great felicity kept up the joyous hilarity with an empty glass, lifting it up and requesting us to drink the health of some favourite dignitary, saying, 'Now, gentlemen, fill your glasses; I beg to propose to you a loyal toast,' &c., which being done he would set down his glass with a hearty thump upon the table, as if he had in reality drunk the health that he had so cordially proposed; but his lordship never

touched wine after the mandate so authoritatively given by his faithful Mentor, who, his important duties being terminated by this last warning, retired with 'measured steps and slow;' and as I glanced at his back, it was lucky that my Lord said something that gave me an opportunity for relieving myself of the risible excitement which his ridiculous figure produced. Liston could not have imagined anything more provocative of laughter. The coat! what a 'misfit!' it seemed to have been made for *the Irish giant;* and as he swayed from side to side in his gait, it showed every fold and wrinkle. His 'smalls' and his stockings seemed to me to form the large or small forms of laughing mouths—and his shoes, creak, creak, creaking! echoed the laughter. I did his lordship's mirth great justice, for I laughed most heartily and outright, without being able to contain myself within moderate bounds. And when I saw this 'broth of a boy' stop at the door, turn methodically round to the company to see that all was right, and with serious respect bow his head to his master, shuffle his feet and close the door upon himself, I perceived

that the day's duty of an Irish butler of the old school was completed; his office had been performed with satisfaction to himself, and I suppose to his noble master likewise. I should have liked to ask for a sitting from him for a sketch, had I not felt doubts as to how the question might have been understood, as he seemed so sensitive and punctilious a person. There is no doubt that both he and his forefathers for generations had been serving-men to the house of the Tollers from its foundation.

When old 'Square-toes' had retired, his Lordship observed to me, 'Your friend, Sir Arthur Clarke, is always gladly received wherever he goes, if he only takes that charming wife of his with him. She is his passport, sir. Although he is clever, and a good social little person, yet his fascinating better half takes precedence of him: such is the effect of beauty, talent, soul. These in superior degree would be the only ground for my hesitating about a handsome and clever wife. I should not like to be cut above by one of the other sex, to be overlooked, although she should be my own wife. I might feel pride, perhaps jealousy, that other men admired what was my

own, still I should like to cut a caper above her, and keep her in her place.

'That Maturin, poor devil! is a moody dog; I never can raise a smile in him, and, I suppose, he never could laugh in his life, except perhaps it might be at that scarlet dame of Rome whom he hacks and tears at with such seriousness and power. Egad, gentlemen, that poor curate Maturin possesses enough genius to make two bishops, and yet they hardly allow him bread and cheese. Surely if he had generous food and a glass of good wine he would write all the better, his fancy and imagination would be in more healthy tone, and the world would be more felicitous to him. We should not be having those dreadful spectral visions that haunt his wild and starved genius. I often commiserate a man like him, of great capacity and intellectual endowment, who is placed in a situation where he cannot by his superior powers enforce preferment. It is lamentable to think of. There is no one knows what noble works might be produced under other and more favourable auspices. We will drink Mr. Maturin's health, if you please.

'There is young Curran, too, a sensible fellow and prudent; he, you know, is of a laughing stock, *Curran-t* wit flows in his veins, and I like him, loved his father and all his wit and fun, and many a laugh we have had together; his humour was the richest, and his stories were the best told of any joker I ever knew. Sir, it all came from him spontaneously, without, as it were, his knowing of it; and as we say of a poet, "he is born," so it was with my old friend Curran, wit was born in him. Life at the bar now is tame and flat, indeed, compared with what it was in my time; there used to be a set of "boys" then that would stick at nothing to carry on the game. See now, how serious we are become when the religio-political obtains. But, gentlemen, do not let me digress into state affairs, let us drink to the memory of Curran, the wittiest of the witty.'

A gentleman here began to tell something of Moore and *The Twopenny Post-bag;* but Lord Norbury stopped him by saying, 'I beg your pardon, Mr. ——, but I never wish to sympathise or even laugh with a Radical; do excuse me, therefore, for interrupting you; those Byrons,

Moores, Hunts, and such-like small beer, are all canting politicians, from some personal interest or personal pique; they are not indeed the patriots they would wish to be thought, no more than our Dan O'Connell is, and we all know what his patriotism is,—it's blarney.'

It is impossible for me to convey an idea of the drollery with which the great punster uttered the last Irish word, which he gave in the broadest Connemara—the mirthful lines about the angles of his mouth curling and twitching and pursing his laughing face—his eyes running over with the sportive fun natural to him, expressing far more than the words he had said, while he ended with a knowing nod to one of his friends opposite to him. Thus this banquet was kept up to the end in hilarity and enjoyment.

A short time after this I met Lord Norbury riding down Sackville Street, and as I did not at first recognise him, I wondered what strange figure it could be, and thought surely this was the strangest specimen of horsemanship ever seen. His round plump body was buttoned up tight, and seemed like a large cricket or foot-

ball, the two short legs wagging, and spurring, and balancing this globular form upon the saddle, where he did not seem by any means to possess a safe 'seat,' if seat it could be called. No doubt the horse would be a safe one, otherwise I should have expected an easy 'spill.' The groom rode behind on a spirited animal, and carried his master's great-coat buckled round his waist. As his Lordship turned towards me I perceived him puffing and blowing out his fat round cheeks as if suffering from some internal spasmodic pains, his arms and legs in a constant action, working to get along faster than his Rosinante seemed inclined to go. My Lord lifted his hat and stopped me to ask if I would 'just do him the favour to show the Chancellor and his Lady the drawing I had made of his beautiful little favourite granddaughter (I think she was) which I had done for him?' and with which he expressed himself mightily pleased.

Of course I went to the Chancellor's, where I saw the Lady, and showed her not only the drawing in question, but that of Lord Norbury and the others that I had done. The Lady

expressed herself delighted, and commented freely upon the resemblance and characteristics of each. She said, 'You have not only obtained striking likenesses of these remarkable persons, but produced the character of their minds and the peculiar idiosyncracy of each. You have not flattered my friends with the smile of inanity so common in portraiture, and which I dislike extremely; for grave men upon the bench, as judges for instance, ought to appear with the seriousness proper to their position, and the importance of their judicial functions. As for dear Maturin, it is the man himself, his mind, his mysterious gloom. He has just penned *Melmotte*, and taken away the warning wafer from his forehead, so that we may speak in his presence without the fear of disturbing his romantic imaginings. There is O'Connell, too. Does he not seem to "browbeat" a witness? ay, and judge too; how exactly you have hit the man and his character, fearless of God, man, and—may I say it?—devil and priest. I like his talent, but I do not admire his principles, if he has any. Now here is the Chief Justice; how capital! He is a man of strict and impartial

justice, severe, but searches for the true, the right, regardless of consequences. And there is my handsome friend Torrens; what an intelligent face and beautiful eye! Curran and Shiel too, all men of "mark and likelihood," of genius. Look at the author of *Evadne*; his eye is poetic, it beams with eloquence, and as his beautiful thoughts flit and shoot they are embodied in as splendid language as ever came from the lips of the Grecian orators. The man of genius is to be adored; his inspiration is divine. And now I turn to the delightful companion of my early years, Olivia, the charming Lady Clarke, whose bewitching smile, soft loving eyes, natural powers of mind and engaging accomplishments, captivate every heart. Oh! those dear days when we were both young, who could equal us at a game of romps, or beat us at sharp cutting wit or smart repartee? What fun we two have had together! Her gifted sister, Lady Morgan, you have not got; her Ladyship is from home. She is the brightest star we have in all Ireland. Indeed, she shines with a splendour unequalled here, as well in her works as in her conversation. Let me return to Lord Norbury, that dear old

humourist! His likeness is one of the best, it is himself as he looks in his judicial robes.' And after politely thanking me for the treat I had afforded her, she wished me good morning. So this pleasant interview ended.

To Sir Arthur and Lady Clarke I have to express my sincere obligations for their constant hospitality and attentions during my sojourn in the Irish capital. A stranger, even with particular introductions could scarcely expect so much courtesy, and the expression of so much spontaneous friendship; and the hearty cordiality with which these attentions were accorded to so unpretending a person as myself, demand from me the expression, however feeble, of my sincere acknowledgment.

I made a finished drawing of Lady Clarke, the writer of that fund of Irish humour and inimitable comedy, *The Irishwoman*, as also a sketch of Sir Arthur Clarke, distinguished for his comprehensive work on *Bathing*, and other publications.

No one who came within the circle of Lady Olivia Clarke's society but must have been aware how varied and attractive were her talents and

accomplishments. Her personal beauty, her graceful, courteous, and winning manners, with something of an arch but artless and original style, impressed every one admitted to her acquaintance in her favour. It is well known amongst her intimate friends that this lady possessed a remarkable and varied power of imitation and mimicry, and she would make up and sustain a character even for the whole of an evening—face, figure, costume, language, and peculiarity, so perfectly assumed that those of her own family, her own sister even, would not be able to discover the deception. Her Ladyship's taste for music, together with a finely modulated voice, rendered her a desirable acquisition to the social circle, an entertaining and interesting companion. She was frank, free, and unsophisticated, possessed of all the tact and elegance of an accomplished woman moving in the best society.

I had done the drawings of Sir Arthur and Lady Clarke, but not of Lady Morgan, who was in London at the time. She returned, however, in time to give me an opportunity of making my portrait of her.

I also made one of Mr. Carmichael, the eminent surgeon, and his brother, both professed phrenologists. These, with Sir Arthur and Lady Clarke, and a large number of ladies and gentlemen, made up a pic-nic party for me to the 'Dargle.' We filled several carriages with every kind of provision, wines, attendance, &c. We found already on the spot another party of wild Irish, merrymaking, dancing to music in a small columned temple upon the pinnacle of a high rock, by the side of a waterfall. Wild I may call them, for they were excited to the highest pitch of romantic enthusiasm. The servants soon spread tables upon temporary tressels, on a flat smooth piece of green turf at the foot of the waterfall, fine old trees flinging their branches over our heads as we sat at our repast, the murmuring sound of the waterfall by our side, and the merry music above. It was a scene for Watteau, Spencer, or Poussin. Surely, never was a place so favoured for poet or painter. The air itself, balmy, purè, and brilliant, was inspiring, and in the midst of the gaiety, the beauty, the luxuriance, and the poetry of Nature, I confess to being overcome by a fit of silent

contemplation, and I fear I may have appeared but a stupid and lifeless companion.

The champagne went its rounds, but the landscape so charmed my mind as to render me insensible to its influence; and I sometimes found myself standing alone, viewing from some changed point of sight the exquisite picture, my friends laughing and calling me to the viands. Such enjoyment of the soul so rarely falls to the lot of man that to drink deep of its inspiration is soothing and all-absorbing, and you insensibly give way to these heart-thrilling impressions, enthralled, as it were, by the beauty of the scene and the romantic combinations of nature. The first time I heard that classical artistic little melody of Moore's 'A Temple to Friendship,' was from the charming lips of Lady Clarke on this occasion; and the feeling and expression she contrived to throw into the simple but elegant words struck me as the perfection of the ballad style. I beg to be excused for repeating the ballad here, for my memory of it as I heard it then is to me very pleasant. 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,' as my late dear friend Keats used to hymn to me.

A Temple to Friendship.

'A temple to Friendship,' said Laura enchanted,
'I'll build in this garden; the thought is divine'—
Her temple was built, and she now only wanted
An image of Friendship to place on the shrine.
She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her
A Friendship, the fairest his art could invent,
But so cold and so dull, that the youthful adorer
Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant.

CHAPTER XI.

SECOND VISIT TO ABBOTSFORD — SIR WALTER'S GENEROUS HOSPITALITY — SIR JOHN MALCOLM — THE GREAT UNKNOWN — MR. AND MRS. LOCKHART — SIR WALTER AND HIS GRANDSON — SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AND CHILDREN — PERSIAN STORIES — M. ALEXANDRE, THE VENTRILOQUIST — EARL OF MINTO — SIR WALTER'S STUDY — NIMROD'S GROWL — WILKIE — SIR WALTER SITTING FOR HIS PORTRAIT — TRAIT OF A NOBLE HEART — DEATH OF MATURIN.

On his return to Scotland, Mr. Bewick at once proceeded to Abbotsford, having been requested by Sir Walter Scott to pay him a second visit, which he thus describes.

On my arrival at Abbotsford, I found the house full of company, a constant succession of arrivals and departures; and the whole time I remained it had the appearance of an open house. Indeed, one day Miss Scott made an exclamation on the announcement of a new and unexpected arrival, 'Oh! dear, will this never end, Papa?'

Sir Walter quietly remarked, 'My dear, I am too glad to see any or all of my friends, let them come, "more the merrier;'" and he walked off smiling to meet his new guests. It was curious to observe the air of mystery and reserve, the curiosity everyone felt about something that could not be named—and never was named, that I heard, in the presence of any of the family. It was like being in an enchanted castle, where everyone that entered became conscious that, at the uttering of one word, some spell would be broken. That word was 'Waverley,'—and people went about peering and spying, as if some mysterious nook or corner, some secret window or turret-room, might reveal to them something of what they so ardently desired to know.

Sir John Malcolm came to me in the library one morning before breakfast—no one else was there—and *sotto voce* asked, 'Pray, Mr. Bewick, is there such a thing in your room as a Waverley Novel? I have contrived to be in every room in this house except yours—even into Miss Scott's room; and I have not found the semblance of *one* volume, and this is the only house

I gave been in, anywhere, that I have not met with them.' On my replying that there were none in my room, Sir John, with an expression of having made a shrewd discovery, said, 'Ha! is not this a strange circumstance? It goes with other reasons I have to convince me who is the real author. Sir Walter no doubt *is* the, "great unknown," and it will be proved so;' and he laughed. Sir John Malcolm, the author of a History of Persia, was a handsome, intelligent, and frank soldier, and when dressed for dinner, with his star and ribbon, looked the Governor-general to perfection. He informed Sir Walter that the King (George IV.), when creating him and his two brothers baronets on the same occasion, expressed himself well pleased with all of them, and gracefully complimented each with some particular allusion to his services.

Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart, and their beautiful little boy, were staying at Abbotsford at this time; and after dinner, when dessert was served, the little fellow was introduced. He always ran to Sir John and leaped upon his knee, the Baronet's star being the attraction to the child.

This ornament filled his eye, and dazzled his imagination. He would touch it and kiss it, then admire it and handle the ribbon, while he sat and gazed at its brilliance in delight. The owner asked him, in kind and endearing tones, placing his hand upon his head, 'if he liked that beautiful star?' The child seized hold of his hand and looking up in infantile joy, replied, 'Oh, yes, Sir; it is beautiful.' 'Would you like to have one of them?' 'Indeed, I would; but when am I to get it?' 'Oh,' replied Sir Walter, 'they are to be had, they are growing upon the hedges—upon the trees—ready to be plucked.' The child looked at his grandpapa with an expression of incredulity, and Sir Walter added, 'You must try to get hold of one.' The boy shook his head, and looked over to his admiring and smiling Mamma with an inquiring expression, as if doubtful of the truth of such fruit growing on the hedges where he had not seen them. The father, too, deigned to smile, the only time I ever observed him relieve his fixed features from that impenetrable reserve that chilled as it repulsed you.

Sir Walter turned to me and said, 'Sir Joshua Reynolds seems to have been a great lover of children, and the children must have liked him too, if we may judge by their expression in his beautiful pictures of them. For my part, I do not know how it is; I like children very well, but they never come up to me, they always seem shy of me,—I can make nothing of them, they never seem to enjoy my company, and soon run away. With boys of a certain age, when I was a boy, I managed very well, for I was never at a loss for a good merry or wonderful story for them. With dogs, too, I do very well; they take to me, and I understand them, and can be friendly with them; some old acquaintances, too, I can even love, so to speak.' I expressed my surprise at this, as really Sir Walter Scott always seemed so playful, good-tempered, and mild, that one would have thought him the very person to have pleased children of all ages. Children, like some animals, seem to have an instinctive comprehension of human expression; and, although Sir Walter had a fine expressive smile in his eye, there might, perhaps, be something in his mouth

not exactly corresponding with it, or equally assuring to infantile sensibilities. 'As for himself,' he said, 'he could never make out the reason of children being shy with him; it had often occupied his thoughts, as he in truth was very fond of them. There was Garrick, he could make up his face, personate the frolics and peculiar antics of boys, even go through a game at marbles with them in the streets, and they did not make out that he was rather an *old* Boy until the game was over, and he stood up in his character of man.'

Sir John, like our distinguished host, was a capital story-teller, and would charm the whole household from tea to bed-time with long Persian stories,—told with infinite humour and varied expression, action, and tone of voice. He would begin with a short preliminary address, asking Lady Scott if there were any other persons in the house that might be likely to wish to hear his story, and that were not then present. It would be well to inform them that he was 'going to begin,' as there would be no possibility for him to repeat what he had to tell; it was too long. He was then requested

to wait a few minutes, and some of the party would run out and presently return with more eager listeners. One young lady, I remember, was brought from her sick-bed wrapt in blankets, and laid on the sofa. When all were collected, Sir Walter would take his lowly seat upon a footstool by the fireside, and, in silent delight, listen with watchful eagerness to the tales of another 'story-teller,' rubbing his hands and chuckling with delight, like a boy of twelve listening for the first time to the exciting narrative of *Robinson Crusoe*. No one enjoyed more than he did the propriety, skill, and easy manner with which Sir John excited every listener,—how he enchained their attention, raised their sympathy, or made them hold their sides with laughter. His varied expression and gesture were capital, and nothing was wanting but costume to have taken Sir Walter back to the olden time of Eastern story-tellers and paladins. The tales were divided into *miles*, and when a *mile* was reached the story-teller stopped to inquire if he might be allowed to rest there, or if it was wished he should continue another mile? All expressed their desire

that he would be pleased to continue. Lady Scott in particular was in ecstasies, and paid Sir John a compliment, adding, 'Do go on, Sir John, if you please.' The stories were something in the vein of *The Cobbler of Bagdad*, and seemed capable of being spun out to any length by the invention of the story-teller. It was a fine entertainment, good as *Mathews at Home*. While at Abbotsford I made a drawing of Sir John Malcolm, and no one can look upon the picture without remarking his dignified and soldierly bearing.

Mons. Alexandre, the French ventriloquist, came while I was there. He began his wonderful imitations by setting to work to plane the French polished dining-tables. The attitude, the action, the noise, the screeches and hitches at knots, throwing off the shavings with his left hand, were all so perfect that Lady Scott screamed in alarm, 'Oh! my dining-table, —you are spoiling my beautiful table, it will never be got bright again,' &c. Sir Walter pacified her by saying, as he walked up to her, 'It is only imitation, my dear; it is only make-believe, he will not hurt the table.' She

replied, 'Impossible, what! don't I hear the shavings come off and drop down?' Alexandre worked away, producing all the peculiar noises, and the sound of the checks caused by the different grains and knots of wood that the instrument appeared to cut through—dashing off the perspiration occasionally from his forehead, and imitating the manners and tricks of cabinet-makers at their work, until Lady Scott must convince herself that no harm was done to her table, by going to examine and feel the polish! exclaiming, 'Is it possible *dat* you have not cut the table? I cannot believe! dat is wonderful! it is not cut!' and everybody laughed.

Here too was my Lord Minto, the head of the house of Elliott, with his chaplain or secretary, and servant. His lordship was a short, unassuming person, dark and sallow, very unpretending, dressed in a plain suit of black, with a white neck-cloth in the most primitive tie. His chaplain, too, was a primitive character,—saturnine, and rather disposed to be severe upon whatever he deemed of modern innovation. He spoke little, and what he did say was senten-

tious, and not to be questioned. His black hair, straight and shining, was combed down upon his forehead, and then cut in a formal line, as if by the edge of a barber's bason. My Lord's servant, too, was a rare character, also dressed in black, with shoulder-knots. He was present with other men in livery to wait at dinner, and contrived to place himself as far from his master, and as near to Sir Walter, as he could; and there he stood, with his napkin under his arm, stock-still; never changed a plate the whole time, but entranced by the humour of the host —and Sir Walter was unusually vivacious and jocose—he tittered and shook his sides, enjoying all the conversation that was going on, and was evidently neither born nor bred a serving-man. Sir Walter cast a quiet side-glance at this original when he heard the unusual tittering by his side. I happened to catch his eye at this moment, and he looked to me as much as to say, 'This novelty now deserves sketching.' The young man seemed so riveted to the spot, that it appeared as though he would have to be handed out of the room, with the last plate, by some of his fellows when

dinner was over. He was absent enough to have been a great genius.

The quiet simplicity of manner, and the absence of showy qualities in Lord Minto, I liked extremely. I had the privilege of conversing with him for a short time, and found him, though in some respects peculiar, a very well-informed man. Our talk was partly about the principal artists of the day, and the more remarkable works which they had produced.

Sir Walter asked me if I had seen his own room. I said I had not. 'Oh, then step this way.' I followed into his private study, and was greeted by the slight growl of a large dog lying on the hearth-rug. 'Oh, poor Nimrod—he knows you are an artist—for ever since his likeness was taken, he carefully runs away from all the artist race. Poor fellow! well, go away then, there;' —and he shut the door, and I was in the *sanctum sanctorum* of the all-creating author of *Waverley*. The room was plainly furnished, with a table and a couple of chairs, and bookshelves all round, full of books *in use*, not in ornamental bindings like those in the large library.

Wilkie came the next morning and prepared for a sitting. I had previously obtained Sir Walter's consent to make a drawing. Wilkie arranged his sitter and his easel as he wished, and placed Sir Walter in a broad light, in front of a large window, without closing up any part of it, as he said he wanted little shadow on the face, for he had in his mind the picture of Goldsmith by Reynolds, and thought there was a great resemblance between the two authors. This rather surprised me, as I expected that such a man as Wilkie would have struck out something of his own—an original impression of the individual character, rather than have followed or adopted anything, even from Reynolds.

Sir Walter sat in his usual costume, green coat, yellowish waistcoat, and black neckcloth, his feet one over the other, with his walking-stick between his legs, both hands resting on the top of it (this stick was a keepsake given to him by his friend, Mungo Park, when they last parted). Sir Walter seemed well practised at sitting for his portrait, and, although conversing all the time, contrived to keep his head in one position. The house was full of company, and

they all crowded to the library to witness the sitting. Wilkie seemed annoyed by the movement and conversation going on. He bit his lip and fidgeted about uneasily, and had not advanced very much at the end of the sitting. My drawing was life-size, and lucky it was for me that I had overcome the nervousness of working in a crowd, having drawn a good deal in the British Museum when there were hundreds of gaping spectators. The visitors, therefore, did not annoy me in the least, and I worked away as rapidly as possible. The great painter, hearing some lady say my drawing was very like, came to see how I got on, and said, 'Ah, very like indeed!' after which everybody exclaimed, 'Yes, indeed, Sir Walter himself!' The 'sitting' ended, Sir Walter explained that he could not sit more at that time, being engaged next day with the Duke of Buccleugh to a greyhound-course, but he would be glad to give Wilkie sittings in London when he came there, and would let me finish my sketch in Edinburgh. I was called away, however, to other 'scenes,' and my drawing remains in my possession exactly in the state it was.

When I left Abbotsford I showed Sir Walter my Dublin treasures; among others the drawing of Maturin. Sir Walter was very much struck with it, and nervously said, 'Ah! poor Maturin, it is just the man I should take for the writer of *Melmoth* and other heart-stirring works; yes, Sir, he is a true genius.' His eyes then filled with tears, and he said to me in a low voice: 'My heart bled for him. Yes, Sir, a man with such talent, with a large family to educate, ought not to be so neglected, and only allowed a small pittance to maintain them all. I know from a friend the great difficulties to which he is put; my eye dropped a tear when I was told of them. I soothed my feelings by sending him an enclosure for sixty pounds, at the same time taking care not to let him know whence it came.' This was a noble trait of a generous, warm heart, and I felt I could have embraced Sir Walter for it.

A few mornings after this conversation I received a note from Mrs. Maturin informing me in the most affectionate and touching language of the death of her husband, and begging me to let her have the drawing I had made but a

short time before of him, it being the most faithful and characteristic likeness ever made of him. I handed the note to Sir Walter, who was very much affected and said, 'Well, Sir, you cannot refuse the poor lady this small comfort.' I readily made a copy, and sent it to her; Sir Walter enclosing a five-pound note in the letter I sent in answer to Mrs. Maturin.

CHAPTER XII.

A VISIT TO THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD—UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER '—A CHRISTMAS PARTY—THE WAVERLEY NOVELS—'CAMERON'S WELCOME HOME'—AN ODDLY MADE SADDLE—THE SHEPHERD'S ROSINANTE—RETURN TO EDINBURGH—LORD JEFFREY—WILKIE IN EDINBURGH—HAYDON'S TREATMENT BY THE ACADEMY—DISADVANTAGE OF LARGE HISTORICAL PICTURES—LADY OLIVIA CLARKE.

AFTER leaving the breakfast-table we sauntered on to the lawn to look for the best view of the house to sketch, and Sir Walter pointed out a part which he said always pleased him. As we strolled on, he asked me 'if I had ever met his friend Hogg in Edinburgh?' I said, 'No, Sir but I should like to see him very much;' to which he replied, 'Yes, and sketch him, too, and shaking my hand, said, 'I will send Mr Gordon to you. He will show you the stables and there you will find my grey pony, on which I go greyhound-coursing. Take him, he will find the way for you; he is a most sagacious

creature.' When Mr. Gordon and I arrived at the stables the pony was gone, some one had preceded me, and I found I must walk. The morning was fine, the air clear and bracing, and everything looked cheerful. So, nothing daunted, I set off accompanied by Mr. Gordon, who walked a little way with me and kindly showed me the road to the Ettrick hills. After a short time we parted, he to Abbotsford, I to the Ettrick Shepherd.

After many turns and passing through tracts of moss and heather, I found my way into pastures filled with Cheviot sheep, the sight of which told me I must be drawing near to this Border bard of mirth and song; and at nightfall, by a clear moon, I espied a house on the side of a hill, brilliantly lit up. This was a cheering sight to me. I thought here I shall find my host or learn what distance I am from his cottage. Accordingly I knocked at the door, and it was opened by a real 'Highland Mary.' I asked in the plainest way I could if Mr. Hogg lived there. 'Mister wha did ye say, Sir?' 'Mr. Hogg; if he lives here, tell him I come from Abbotsford.' With this the host, hearing a

parley and the sound of 'Abbotsford,' came forward and very heartily invited me in. On my telling him my name, and giving him the password 'Abbotsford,' he led me into his parlour, filled with company and smelling of whisky toddy (no bad thing after a long walk in the clear mountain air). He invited me to partake of their Highland fare, and I was surprised when a young gentleman stepped forward, and, offering me his hand, said, 'You do not remember me, Mr. Bewick?' I stared in amazement on hearing my name and such a friendly greeting. 'I see,' he continued, 'you do not remember me. I saw you in Belfast at the house of my father, Dr. Gray; and this is my sister;' and taking me to Mrs. Hogg, he introduced me to her. I was soon initiated into the jollity of the party, for this was a Christmas party, and a right merry one.

After his friends had left, Mr. Hogg, anxious to show me attention, drew his chair near me, saying, 'Now, Mr. Bewick, what have they going on at Abbotsford?—full of company, I suppose, eh? My friend Walter is a fine fellow, and a clever one too. How well he carries on the secret of those Waverley novels! I dinna think

ony but his self could manage it.' I looked at him with surprise, and said, 'So you really think Sir Walter the author?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'I dinna ken any other body could write them. I'll tell ye a good joke I put upon him. I have these same Waverley novels, ye ken, placed in my library, and I invited Sir Walter to come and see some of my rhymes. A thought had come o'er me that I would try him by altering the word *Scotch Novels* to *Scott's Novels*. Well, when Sir Walter came, I took him into my library, and he, in his usual way, was always looking to see what I had new. I went round with him and keepit a keen look-out. Coming to the novels, he stopped quite still, read the name two or three times, and then turning to me with a very knowing look said, "Jamie, your binder has made a mistake here?" "No mistake at all, Sir Walter;" and he let it pass, as he could not deny the truth. I had on the outside of the volumes *Scott's Novels*.' Hogg laughed one of his boisterous laughs, crying, 'I tricked him that time.'

Next day I asked Mr. Hogg to sit for a sketch of his head; and when I had done it, I

asked him to write his autograph at the bottom, which he did, but immediately said, 'But this is nothing of an autograph; I will give you a better;' and he then produced the rough draft of his song, with the note attached to it.

CAMERON'S WELCOME HAME.

AIR.—'*Rattling Roaring Willie.*'

Oh, strike your harp, my Mary,
Its loudest, liveliest key,
And join the sounding correi
In its wild melody;
For burn, an' breeze, an' billow,
Their sangs are a' the same,
And every waving willow
Sounds 'Cameron's welcome hame.'

Oh, list yon thrush, my Mary,
That warbles on the pine,
Methinks her strain so airy
Accords in joy wi' thine;
The lark that soars to heaven,
The sea-bird on the faem,
Are singing frae morn to even,
'Brave Cameron's welcome hame.'

D'ye mind, my ain dear Mary,
When ye sat on my knee,
Till bonny Auchnacarry*
Brought tears to your young ee?

* The name of Lochiel's Castle, the wildest in Christendom. I saw it in blackness and ashes before a stone of the new building was laid. Many of the venerable old trees

The flame was red, red glaring,
And marr'd the beams o' day,
And aye ye cried despairing,
'Our hame's now gane for aye.'

I said, my ain wee Mary,
D'ye see yon cloud sae dun,
That sails aboon the carrey
And hides the weary sun?
Beyond yon cloud so dreary,
Beyond and far within,
There's ane, my dear wee Mary,
That sees this deadly sin.

He sees this ruefu' reavery,
The rage o' dastard knave,
He saw our deeds of bravery,
And He'll reward the brave.
Though a' is lost but honour,
And nought stood round but Death,
I still had hopes that Heaven
Would right poor Scotia's skaith.

The day is dawned in heaven,
For which we a' thought lang;
The good, the just is given,
That kens the right frae wrang.
My ain dear Auchnacarry,
I hae thought lang for thee!
Oh, sing to your harp, dear Mary,
And sound its bonniest key.

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in the avenues were also standing, scathed and half consumed with fire, as memorials of the horrid barbarity of the conquering army.

When I was prepared to depart after making a drawing of him, the Shepherd, desirous to show me some particular attention, mounted me upon one of his very high horses, upon an old worn saddle. The horse was to be left at a certain friend's house on the road, who would return it to its owner. By the time (ay, long before) I had come to this friend's, I was literally skinned, for the saddle was a very oddly-made one, a fine antique of the good old times. There was a buckle here, a projecting nob or strap there, and the leather was worn through everywhere, so that the edges cut me like knives; and whenever my body or limbs touched this piece of antiquity, it showed me that I had skin on those parts, although I was told by a grave philosopher that I was 'going through the world without skin at all.'* The motion of the horse was such that I am sure that of the camel must be a fine ambling walk in comparison. A horse-dealer would not have called it *action*, for it was the oddest jog up and down, and might have rocked Hogg's infant, with the nursery song, 'Here he goes up,

* Mr. Bewick had a peculiarly fine skin.

up, up, and there he goes down, down, down,' &c. I could not have refused the kind offer of the Shepherd, had I even known of the extraordinary pace of his Rosinante and the sad effects of these antique saddles, for he really appeared so delighted to mount me, that I leaped up upon this high-backed animal with that ready consent which animates you when you know you are doing something to gratify a friend.

In the evening Sir Walter was anxious to see my drawing, and hear an account of my visit to his Border friend. He was delighted with the drawing, and laughed heartily at the likeness, exclaiming, 'Just the man, Sir. The very man.'

Shortly afterwards my visit drew to an end; but on my departure for Edinburgh Sir Walter asked me to step with him into his library, when he presented me with a note, saying, 'There, Mr. Bewick, that is an introduction to my friend Lord Jeffrey, the Arch-critic and Lord of the Session; show him the drawing you have made of me.' For this mark of attention, I tendered him my sincere thanks.

On arriving in Edinburgh I waited upon

his lordship, and after talking of Abbotsford and Sir Walter, I took the opportunity of showing the drawing I had made of the latter. Jeffrey, after looking at it, said, 'Yes, Mr. Bewick, you have caught the happy, good-natured smile in his eye, and the benevolent contour of his head; I hope you will be favoured with another sitting to finish the mouth a little more. I consider this a difficult feature in Sir Walter's face, but I think it a good likeness.' After these remarks I took the opportunity of asking him to allow me a little of his valuable time, that I might make a similar drawing of himself. After a little consideration and counting his engagements, he told me, if I would come to breakfast with him next morning, he would give me an hour for the first sitting, and the same time the morning following. I thanked him, and told him I should not require more than two sittings. 'Is it possible, Mr. Bewick,' he said, 'that you can make a finished drawing in so short a time?' I then took my leave, breakfasted with him the following morning, and had the first sitting. His expression, vivacious and volatile, required to be caught on the instant, as

it vanished in the next;. but I was fortunate enough to catch it, and so was able to give a striking likeness of the shrewdest critic and one of the most eloquent men of his day.

When I was in Edinburgh in 1824, Wilkie came there out of health and in great anxiety. I called upon him, and saw him in his bedroom. He was rather dull and out of spirits, but seemed in his cool way glad to see me. Of course Haydon's recent misfortunes seemed to hang, as it were, between us, and there was some hesitation on both sides in beginning the subject. He looked as if he was conjecturing how I stood towards my late master, and what were my feelings with respect to him. After staring for some time in blank suspense, he muttered in a tone of seemingly settled conviction, 'After all, Mr. Bewick, *selfishness* is the *best.*'* I made no reply, and he added earnestly, drawing a long breath, 'You see, Haydon ought to have entered the Academy. Ay, he ought to have gone in, —he would have been a great acquisition; what a Professor of Painting he would have made! what powerful lectures we might have had!

* It must be remembered that Wilkie at this time was suffering from misfortune, anxiety, and disappointment.

how the school of painting would have been extended and improved! But then, ha! he must have had all his own way, or we might have had poor Barry over again, and that would never have done in our days,—no, no. However, we might hope for better things, for he has great tact. I asked him if he thought Haydon was justified in his complaints of the treatment he received from the Academy about 'Dentatus?' He replied, 'Oh, yes! yes, he was ill-used—badly treated in that matter, but he should never have heeded,—passed it by, and got in. He might then have pursued a deep scheme of retaliation, if he had liked, upon the very parties who behaved so shamefully on that occasion; for he has vast powers, stores of varied acquirements, and a command of language that none in the Academy at present can combat with. Besides a career of success alone is the best answer to make, both to enemies and to men who are envious of superior powers. Success gives a wonderful stimulus to man's natural powers, and re-assures, as it were, the efforts of genius; whilst trouble and misfortune tend to unnerve a man, and damp the ardour necessary to carry him on to great results. But you see, Mr.

Bewick, I am myself of the Academy, and it is a rule that "birds are not to foul in their own nests," so, if you please, we will change the subject.' Then he added with decision, 'Haydon has great power in his art; there is nothing in our times to compare with parts of his "Judgment of Solomon,"—that is truly a great work,—well gone through in all its parts,—nothing slighted, nothing little, and it combines tenderness and delicacy of feeling with real power over his materials and his art. Ah, it is grand! with affecting sentiment, and would have done honour to Rome or Venice. But large historical pictures, such as Haydon's, have this disadvantage,—that they are beyond the scale of private purchase; those of the size of Martin's are more readily disposed of. You see Mr. Martin has always contrived to make his pictures profitable, either by sale, by exhibition, or by engraving them.'

'Yes, but Mr. Haydon could not engrave his pictures himself, and they were attended with great expenses compared with Mr. Martin's. You are aware what the expense of models alone will be for a picture like "Christ's Triumphal Entry in Jerusalem," and Mr. Mar-

tin told me that he never had a model in his life for any picture. Consequently that was an expense he was saved in the execution of his works. Haydon was, so to speak, reckless in this part of the business, and would pay exorbitant sums for some of the models for his heads. For instance, the Jews screwed out of him whatever they demanded; and even then he was obliged to cover up the figure of Christ, otherwise they refused to sit to him at any price. He would pick up a beggar in the street, and for fear of losing him would bring him home in a coach. Of course his own man, Salmon, sat for the figure; then there were draperies, armour, &c. The female figure—hands, feet, and so forth—all costly, for he did not paint without both drawing and studying every part of his picture first. Every nostril, every finger-nail, will be found to be a complete study.'

'Ah! yes,' returned Wilkie, 'models are expensive, and I am surprised Martin can do without them. It is so much saved in the expense, to be sure, but his figures are wanting in nature and variety; and his works are a kind of scenic painting only; for if one's imagination is surprised by perspective infinity, by repeated

objects fading away, as it were, to distant nothingness, by mountain upon mountain, and sky and mountain again, and lo! a fainter bit of sky, and fainter bit of mountain above those again, why, it becomes the romance of painting, and needs no models. It is totally imaginary, and has nothing in common with natural objects. Give Martin a thousand pounds, and he could not paint a great toe the size of life. He wants no models like Fuseli, Nature would put him out.'

'Haydon was six years in bringing out his picture of "Christ Riding into Jerusalem," and he had accumulated such a weight of debt upon him, that although he cleared £3000 by the exhibition, yet its not being sold left him still in debt, and by the time he brought out his next picture, his "Lazarus," the cost of that work, and the precipitate conduct of one of his creditors, and he a pupil of his own, completely ruined him. The works are not sold, and have been seized for debt, while he himself is thrown into the Bench—a loss and a disgrace he will never be able to recover.'

'If you paint pictures of a certain size, and send them to the Academy, they will be sure to get good places, and probably sell. Size and

merit command a good place.' Then gazing through the window, and with a long-drawn desponding sigh he muttered, 'Pity—what a pity!'

We were both lugubrious enough, but I enlivened him a good deal by showing him the drawing, life-size, of the beautiful Lady Olivia Clarke, that I had done a few days before in Dublin. He said, 'What a charming face! and the dress-bonnet, with black and white pendent feathers clustering and drooping about her head, are graceful in the extreme.' He asked 'who she was, the pretty creature?' and I told him her name, informing him also that she was a writer of comedies, a sister of Lady Morgan, and a fascinating, bewitching person, possessing the power of mimicry to such perfection that she was able to deceive her own family and most intimate friends by personating well-known female characters, which she would sustain during an evening without being discovered or suspected, and that I had heard her sing her own compositions with great naïveté, grace, and expression.

I then put before him another head of

beauty. 'Ha! who is that handsome creature?' he asked. 'What an eye!—what a beautifully-sculptured nostril!—what elevated, noble expression, full of the fire, the soul of genius!—and what a form!—what a bust!' I told him that she was a niece of my Lord Monteagle, and a writer of novels, and that it was to the kindness of the venerable Mrs. Grant of Laggan that I was indebted for the privilege of enriching my portfolio with this fine head. He seemed quite cheered by the presence of the two Irish beauties, so different in style and character. His eye sparkled and lighted up, but no one ever saw him really warmed. Our interview closed, and I did not see Wilkie again for some short time, until we met unexpectedly at Abbotsford. He was visiting Sir Adam Ferguson close by, and I was making my second visit to Sir Walter Scott. It was on this occasion that Wilkie began his small oil portrait of Sir Walter, on panel, about two feet long.

CHAPTER XIII.

DESIRE TO VISIT ITALY — HIS MARRIAGE — PREPARATIONS FOR HIS JOURNEY — EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE — THE BRITISH INSTITUTION — SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE — DR. BIRKBECK — ARRANGEMENTS FOR JOURNEY — MR. LE MESURIER — LETTERS FROM GULF OF GENOA — GENOA — FROM GENOA TO PISA — THE VINE IN ITALY — FARM-HOUSES AND COTTAGES — GENOA TO FLORENCE.

SCOTLAND had been a great boon to Mr. Bewick at a very critical period of his life, but while he was there his income barely covered his expenditure, and he had conceived an intense desire to visit Italy, that he might see and study the works of the great masters of that country. In 1824–5 he returned to Darlington, and having now a considerable local reputation, he easily obtained commissions, and began to see his way to the realization of his desires. At this time he married the amiable lady whose name will henceforth appear constantly in his correspond-

ence as the recipient of his letters or as his beloved companion. It was her earnest desire that these letters and autobiographic sketches should be given to the world as the fittest monument of the husband she survived hardly four years, and whom she loved and honoured after he had passed away, as she had loved, honoured, and tended him during the forty years of their happy union.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy, had conceived the idea of illustrating his Presidency by presenting to the School of the Royal Academy a series of full-sized copies in oil, of Michael Angelo's Prophets and Sibyls in the Sistine Chapel at Rome; and hearing of Mr. Bewick's great skill as a copyist, and of his earnest desire to visit Italy, he offered him one hundred guineas for a large copy of the Delphic Sibyl in the Sistine Chapel. The artist, seeing in this offer a means of realizing his wish to study the great works of Italian art in Rome, went immediately to London to see Sir Thomas Lawrence. All seemed favourable to his wishes. At his own request his commission was increased, and leaving his young wife with the

mother he so tenderly loved, he left his native place to visit that land of art whose shrines are the goal of every artist's pilgrimage.

In Italy he had the happiness of again meeting his friend Sir David Wilkie, but the story of his life and experience in that country will best be told by the letters he addressed to his wife. From this correspondence the reader will perceive how conscientiously Mr. Bewick discharged this new commission as well as every other duty that he undertook. He prepared himself for the study of Italian art, and for the execution of the task on which he was specially sent, by rendering himself familiar with everything about Italy, by surrounding himself, so to speak, with an Italian atmosphere. He studied the language, he read accounts of the country, he made himself familiar with the manners and customs of the people, and he pored over the maps which delineated the physical features of the peninsula.

A voyage to Italy was in those days a much more lengthened and formidable task than it is now when railways take us over the Alps into the very bowels of the land. By all but the most

wealthy the journey had to be undertaken by sea, and the voyage was made in a sailing vessel, generally by no means remarkable for speed or comfort. Bewick was accompanied by a young gentleman named Le Mesurier, and on joining the vessel in which he was to sail, he was happy to learn that the captain and pilot were both natives of Newcastle or Sunderland.

Mr. Bewick sailed in a small sloop of 150 tons, crossing the Bay of Biscay, passing through the Straits of Gibraltar, going along the coast of Spain and Portugal, and running the risk of being made prisoner by some Barbary pirates, a danger to which he laughingly alludes, but which was often attended with serious consequences in those days.

London, June 21st, 1826.

My dearest Bess,—I write to tell you how I am going on. My time has been occupied principally in seeing the sights (as they are called) of London—or rather that part of them named exhibitions. The exhibition of Somerset House is the first to be spoken of, not from its superior claims on the score of merit, but because

it is the most crowded both with pictures and with people, and is little less than a lounge for all sorts of gaiety. In this exhibition there are more bad pictures than good ones, and it becomes really tiresome to search out the few which are worthy of notice, and the only relief a man has in such a case is to let his eyes drop upon a natural beauty close by him. This is certainly a relief from the disgust excited by a bad picture of an ugly woman or disagreeable old man.

The most striking portrait in the collection is that of Mr. Canning, by Sir Thomas Lawrence. There is one of the King (by whom I don't know). That is wretched; the sign over Mr. Scott's door is as well painted, and more kingly in appearance. It offers a striking contrast to the masterly work of Canning. Mr. Haydon has two pictures in this exhibition, neither of them very good. I was disappointed in them. Mr. Wilkie is at Venice, and has nothing. The best landscape, or what comes nearest to pleasing nature, is by a Mr. Constable. The great Turner has two. Neither is to my taste, but still they are grand. Mr. Briggs, a relation of

Mr. F. Smith, has two of the best historical pictures, and a Mr. Etty one of the Choice of Paris, the best of that class. Mr. Calcott, Mr. Collins, and Mr. Mulready have good pictures. I will not tire you, however, with a catalogue of what you have not seen, but go to another exhibition, which was more select, and of course more complete and gratifying. I mean the exhibition of pictures entirely in water-colours. Here there is *nothing* to offend either judgment or taste, and you leave the room delighted. It is pleasing to observe how Mr. Robson shines; he has some beautiful drawings of lake and mountain scenery. The next exhibition is the British Institution, where His Majesty has allowed his collection to be placed for a short time. There are pictures of the very first class, by old masters, Titian, Rembrandt, Teniers, Cuyp, Reynolds, &c., &c. I happened to go at the fashionable hour on the second day. The company were all gay and fashionable, and a crowd of carriages and servants was waiting in the street. I next visited the interior of St. Paul's Cathedral, ascended as high as the top of the dome, passing through the Whispering Gallery, where the

closing of a door sounds as loud as the report of a gun. We were so tired by climbing so many stairs that we did not see the Great Bell, the bell that is only sounded at the death of any of the Royal Family, when its tremendous bass voice is heard all over the city. St. Peter's at Rome is one-third larger than St. Paul's. The Parliament House I also visited. This morning there was a grand requiem sung to the memory of one of the Canons at the Catholic Chapel. The musical composer, Von Weber, Braham, Miss Stephens, and all the principal singers, joined. The music at the Catholic Chapel was very fine, but the ceremony altogether was not so imposing or so grand as I expected, and I propose to myself the pleasure of hearing and seeing much more splendid Catholic ceremonies on the Continent. Kindest remembrance to all friends, and believe me truly,

Your faithful

W. BEWICK.

London, June 29th, 1826.

MY DEAR BESS,—I have written two letters to you since the one I sent by post, intending to

send them by Mr. Sams. His parcels go by sea, and therefore I send this by post.

I have been a good deal with Mr. Bandinel, who is extremely kind in giving me letters of introduction to Lord Burghersh, our consul at Florence, and also to the consul at Naples, with other persons of consequence on the Continent. He takes great interest in me, and goes with me here and there to make inquiries, &c. I dine with him to-day, and after dinner we intend to go on the water in a boat. He takes great delight in rowing, and particularly in passing other boats, which he does with great rapidity, his boat being so light and well shaped. I have had one excursion with him, and it was delightful. A summer's evening sail up the Thames is one of those treats that can only be appreciated by those who have enjoyed it, and which I purpose myself the felicity some time, ere long, of giving you, as I intend you to meet me in London on my return. Indeed, whenever I see anything curious, or that gives me pleasure, I always wish you were with me; and I only seem to enjoy it half without you. However, we must hope for the future.

I breakfasted this morning with Sir Thomas Lawrence, who has been kind enough to give me a commission to execute for him in Rome, and likewise begs of me to write from that city about an extensive work that he has long wished to have done, and which he will propose to the Academy in London. Sir Thomas will give me a letter to obtain easy accommodation for this purpose in the place where those fine things are. I dare say you will all feel gratified with this unexpected show of kindness from Sir Thomas Lawrence, considering the situation in which my connexion with Haydon has placed me with the body of the Royal Academy, of which Sir Thomas is President; and I must observe it augurs very well, and is no doubt promising. 'It is a good thing to have a friend at court.'

Tell my mother that Sir Thomas had written an answer to my letter, but for some reason or other did not send it. He gave it to me this morning, saying, 'I would find that he had not been so negligent or uninterested about me as I might think.' The letter is curious, and of course, I must preserve it.

I have just seen Dr. Birkbeck, who, according to his usual benignity, is extremely kind, and gives me an introduction to Prince somebody, whose name I do not remember. I shall see him on Sunday morning, and if an opportunity offers, will speak to him about Bob. The Doctor is so engaged in his profession, that it is difficult to speak with him. I waited an hour this morning, with a number of other visitors, before I could see him. Dr. Birkbeck says that he saw Jonathan Backhouse here, and that he told him I was settled at Darlington, practising my profession. Strange thing that he should tell him about me, and not even call to see me, all the time I was at Darlington; but Dr. B. says 'they are curious.' Give my best love to all. I think I shall set off from London about Monday first. I have seen George Harrison. He is dressed in tip-top fashion, and has a Chancery suit pending with George Allen for property belonging to his mother. He does not seem to have anything else to do.

Ever yours truly,

WM. BEWICK.

The two letters that I mentioned, I will enclose in Mr. Sams' parcel by sea.

The weather here is extremely sultry and oppressive. What will it be in Italy ?

London, July 2nd, 1826.

My Dearest Bess,—I have just been on board of ship with my companion, a young gentleman, a son of Mr. Le Mesurier, late Rector of Haughton-le-Skerne, who is going as far as Rome with me. We have determined upon going by sea, it being the most pleasant at this time of year, as also cheaper and less troublesome. The vessel is quite new, this being her first voyage to the Mediterranean. She is made for fast sailing, and has certainly the best accommodation I have seen for passengers,—a beautiful large cabin, with only two berths in it, one at each side, like couches, with moreen hangings round them. We are provided with food, and porter, beer, and spirits, for the sum of forty guineas for two. They usually charge twenty-five to thirty guineas for one person; so that this is thought very cheap. The passage is calculated to be about a month or six weeks, but we have

been told this morning that thirty days will be the extent—as far as Genoa. After stopping a short time at Genoa, we go to Leghorn, where I intend to buy myself a straw hat; from Leghorn we go to Rome; and from thence it is my intention to proceed at some time or other to Naples, for which place I have letters of introduction. Should you wish to write before you hear from me, you can direct to me at Messrs. Freeborn, Smith, and Co., Rome, where I shall get letters on my arrival. Mr. Le Mesurier is a young man just from Oxford. His going with me is quite accidental, and a hurried journey, as he knew nothing about it when he left Oxford. On Friday last he came to London, and his uncle persuaded him to go with me. He is quite a young man of fashion, and about twenty. I intend to write to you from Genoa or Leghorn, and tell you all that seems strange and amusing. I have had an interview with Mr. Hamilton, late of the Foreign Office, and late Consul at Naples; he gives me letters to Sir Wm. Gell at Naples, and others there. Mr. Bandinel, who is now Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office, gives me permission to send my letters

to him, for any of my friends in this country. There is another gentleman who is very anxious to go to Italy with me, and will, he says, follow me in a fortnight. The name of the vessel that I go by is the *Columbian Packet,* Captain Saddler. Mr. Bandinel's address is James Bandinel, Esq., Foreign Office, London, should you wish at any time to apply to him for any information or business that I may write about.

On Board the Columbian Packet.

July 7th, Friday.—We are to be in the Downs this day, and the pilot will take this letter on shore for the post-office. I am looking at maps, learning Italian, and reading about the country. My father will see in his geography the long voyage we are taking. We expect to see Spain and the coast of Portugal, through the Straits of Gibraltar, and crossing the Bay of Biscay we hope to see the scene where the famous and ever-memorable battle of Trafalgar was fought. Our Captain and Pilot are both from Sunderland or Newcastle, and there is one of the owners on board who comes from the county of Durham; so that on the first day

we dined five persons all from the same or adjoining counties. We came on board on Tues. day Mr. Bandinel has given me a Bible and a Shakspeare. Young Le Mesurier is fond of poetry—Lord Byron, &c. &c.; I find him a very good companion. We were on shore at Gravesend yesterday, getting fowls, pickles, gin, &c. Gravesend is a very poor place, the streets are narrow and dirty, and the shops are like those of a village, except the spirit-shops, which seem to thrive best. The women are anything but pretty. Whether we go on shore at the Downs or not, I don't know; if the Captain wants anything, we probably may. Our vessel is 150 tons burthen, and has ten hands on board. I find my bed too short, and my pillow very hard. The mattress and pillow are stuffed with short hair, the waste from brush-makers, or something of that kind, so that I have not slept well, but have been caught dreaming aloud, calling out so loud that the Captain came to ask me 'What was the matter?' when I awoke in the greatest agony, and was glad to find it *but a dream.* I shall most certainly write to you on my arrival at Genoa, where I anticipate

most delicious gales, wafted from orange, pomegranate, and citron-trees. The best way for you will be to write down on a paper whatever occurs that you wish me to know; and then, when you send to me, you have only to refer to the paper, and there will be no chance of your forgetting anything. Yours truly,

W. BEWICK.

On Board the Columbian Packet,
August 15th, 1826.

MY DEAR FRIENDS AT DARLINGTON, — I write this in the Gulf of Genoa, about four miles from the city of that name. It is a beautiful day, a slight breeze ripples the water, and we expect to be in the harbour in an hour or two. It is with difficulty I tear myself from the magnificent view before my eyes to make something in way of a note for England, for fear that anything should prevent my doing so after getting on shore, as I have no doubt that you will feel anxious to hear from me. Therefore, I prepare this sheet for the post-office, to be the first thing for me to expedite on my landing. Calms and contrary winds have detained us so long

that we have had what is thought rather a tedious passage. However, we have had no rough weather, neither have I been sick. The only thing I can complain of is the extreme dulness and monotony of a long sea voyage. Your bones ache with lassitude and *ennui*, you tumble and toss and roll about. A game of chess is dull, draughts are stupid. Shakspeare is too much, Milton hard to understand. Your Italian grammar you cannot bear to look at, and you lie on your back watching the changes of the clouds, the twinkling of stars, the cracking of the cordage, the flapping of the sails, and the music of the rigging. But it is rather a pleasant thing to be going at the rate of eight or nine knots an hour, your vessel swinging over the water. We rounded Cape St. Vincent at this rate. It was fine, and a beautiful sunset. The Captain was in a good humour for the first time and cracked his joke, and pointed out the spot of Jarvis' triumph.

But time wanes, and I must speak of the present. It is certain that no human being could fail to enjoy a sight so enchanting as the one before me just now, a city of about fifty

palaces, with villas and rural seats spread over the rich wooded mountains of the Apennines, extending for upwards of twenty miles each way along the line of coast. At this distance it gives you the idea of dominoes pricked into a ground of moss, and you see by the telescope the immense palaces of marble, with windows innumerable, such as we used to draw from fancy when boys. My brother John was famous for these castles of fancy. This is a fairy scene indeed!—what a situation!—what advantages of water, mountains, cultivated banks and hanging gardens! The brown and barren mountains, see how they pierce the sky and grasp the clouds. What strange dragon-like form is that which creeps along the side of that steep, yet sloping mountain, casting its shadow far athwart the ravine below? Then the city walls wind crooked, zig-zag up and down,—here the road ascends to Lucca, Pisa, and Leghorn. But now I leave this distant view and prepare to show myself a healthy subject—not an improper caution. The bill of health is produced, and we land. What joy! such we judge liberty to be after captivity.

August 16th.—Since writing the above I have been ashore, and as I have told you that this is the city with its fifty palaces, I must now correct myself and say that it is a city of palaces, noble buildings, enriched and beautified by painting, gilding, and marble of different colours. By moonlight many of the buildings are splendid, in point of effect and picturesque display, for the pale moonlight renders defects that time has made upon the decorations less distinct, and therefore you have the beauty of light and shadow, extended proportions, and other characteristics in perfection. The moon is full to-night. I have been gratified and astonished. I go in the morning to see the interior of some of these Palazzi. There is here a very good family, that of Mr. Le Mesurier, cousin to my companion. He is a merchant, and very attentive and kind. A young gentleman of the name of Wakefield is visiting them from England, and he will accompany us to the south. It is expected we go from this on Monday first or Tuesday; and although I intend to remain in Florence a week or two, yet as a letter will be a fortnight in coming from England, you had better write to

me at Rome (Messrs. Freeborn, Smith, and Co.) I will write on my arrival there, if not from Florence.

The ladies here wear no bonnet in the morning, but a piece of muslin like a scarf, that certainly looks extremely graceful. They carry large fans, which they use constantly, as do the gentlemen also. I lodge at a very good hotel, where I have a very nice room with crimson silk draperies and white cotton, and on the ceiling are three Cupids in the sky, with flowers, and wreaths of laurel. The floor is brick, no carpets in this country—good houses have marble or painted stucco. I have just seen, in one of the palaces, the interior of a room, called the 'Golden Saloon,' from its being almost entirely covered with gilding—pillars, doors, walls, ceilings, all richly carved and gilt, with a painting in the ceiling and mirrors where there is not gilding. The mere decorations of this saloon cost forty thousand pounds sterling. It is principally gold upon *lapis lazuli*, with all kinds of rich ornament. Hanging from the ceiling are cut-glass chandeliers, which the mirrors, reaching from top to bottom of the room, reflect

and repeat *ad infinitum*, and you fancy yourself in an immense suite of halls, extending as far as the eye can reach. This has a fine effect.

I am very anxious to hear from you to know how you are, and if Robert has got another situation, or what he intends to do. Has my father looked into the geography yet? Tell him we passed close round Spain, and saw Cadiz, Gibraltar, Cape St. Vincent, and might have been taken prisoners on the Barbary Coast, and 'sold to slavery,' but we were not. We were frightened a little, however, by a strange sail that gave us chase, but it turned out to be a French corvette that wished to know who we were and what, and so fired.

Ever yours affectionately,

W. BEWICK.

Should any letters come for me they need not be opened, but you can tell me where they come from, and I can send you word if you are to forward them to me. The streets are very narrow here; they scarcely allow two carriages to pass between wall and wall, and the houses are very high. Some parts of the town put me

in mind of Edinburgh, but in this respect only. In other respects the much-boasted Edinburgh falls short, and the houses look like so many stables compared with the houses here.

The following letter, giving an account of Bewick's journey to Rome, shows that he not only possessed the talents of an artist, but also that spirit of observation which enabled him to form, from the facts and circumstances that came under his notice, very accurate and discriminating judgments on the position and prospects of the country through which he travelled. In a very limited space we have here a remarkably comprehensive view of a considerably portion of Italy in the early part of the present century—a view which to those who are acquainted with that country, and can compare its past with its present state, is exceedingly interesting and instructive.

Florence, Sept. 15th, 1826.

My Dear Bess,—I should certainly have written to you before this, had I been certain either of remaining here at Florence, or of pro-

ceeding to Rome. But although I have been here about a fortnight, I have lived in doubt all the time. On my arrival, I was told it was dangerous and highly improper to go to Rome at this season. This made me delay, and I thought, if I could employ myself for a month or so here, it would be safer. I accordingly determined to copy a picture, and obtained permission to do so at the 'Pitti Palace;' but unfortunately, after giving myself a great deal of trouble and vexation, and losing about eight days in getting this permission, I found, to my surprise, that they only had one scaffolding (to enable one to get up to the picture), and this *one* was engaged for a month; so that my idea of stopping here is quite done away with, and as I am assured that there is no danger whatever at Rome, now the rains have fallen, I have determined to set off on Friday the first, and to remain at Rome during the winter. I should not have gone so soon, but a friend of mine with his family of *nine* went on Tuesday. He had received letters assuring him that on account of the season being so favourable, and the late showers, not the slightest apprehension need

be entertained. I should tell you that in and near Rome, the inhabitants (and yet more strangers) are liable to a complaint arising from the *malaria*, during the summer season. This is what frightened me,—but now I am assured there is no danger whatever.

You would hear from me at Genoa, at least, I wrote a letter and put it in the post myself. I have since that time travelled through a most delightful, rich, and varied country, particularly the part from Genoa to Pisa, which is the most picturesque that the eye can behold or the imagination conceive. In ascending the Apennines, by an excellent new road, winding through *forests* (I may call them) of olive and chestnut, interspersed occasionally with the other varieties peculiar to the country, we passed the most beautiful villages and cottages, perhaps only more beautiful to an artist from their being placed in such fine situations and built in such picturesque styles — not to speak of external ornaments of painting, &c.; for in this country every cottage, barn, or palace must have its exterior decorations of painting, sculpture, or earthen ornament,—and these often

evidence good taste and excellent fancy. Then again the vine in this part does not grow in small bushes as in France and some parts of Italy, but is trained from tree to tree in festoons, the most luxuriant you can imagine; the large purple bunches (about the size of yourself) hanging in luscious profusion; tempting the thirsty traveller to a dangerous risk, for it is dangerous to eat fruit just plucked in the sun.

You will think it very odd at Darlington that, after I have abused the people here for being such thieves and robbers, there should be no occasion for fences to the gardens and grounds. But so it is nearly the whole way that I have travelled. A fence has seldom obstructed my inclination to take fruit of any sort. Peaches, nectarines, plums, walnuts, figs, almonds, and grapes, in variety and profusion, have tempted me at every turn. The large 'water-melon,' green outside and red inside, is plentiful here. It is a little larger than a *Bailiff's* head, very juicy, but tasteless. The other melon, which is called here *poppone*, is white outside, and of a richer flavour. The general appearance of the country is that of one

immense orchard. There are no green fields of grass (ah! how delicious is the recollection of a grass field!)—of turnips, potatoes, or even corn; for the whole country is planted with fruit-trees, having cabbages, or a few potatoes, between the rows of trees. Occasionally you will see a small plot snatched as it were for corn, or millet, perhaps half an acre at a time, not more. Even the steepest hills and highest mountains are formed into terraces, each terrace containing its due quantity of fruit-trees. Land thus cultivated must require much labour and attention, and cannot be parcelled out into large farms, as nearly all farmers cultivate their farms by their own family.

At first, I thought that the houses which peeped through the trees in the valleys, and covered the sides of the mountains, were villas belonging to gentlemen, or the country-seats of those connected with a large city. But no! There is scarcely an acre of land but what has its farm-house,—and you are astonished frequently at descrying a snug, romantic cottage perched in wild sublimity on the rocky summit of a mountain half hid in clouds, without

any apparent road by which you can ascend to it. On the way from Genoa to Pisa, you travel at no great distance from the sea. The road often winds up an almost perpendicular mountain, and sometimes you look down on chimney-tops below you,—sometimes on the sea. Then the road descends again to the water's edge, the carriage-wheels sinking into the sand, and you are taken over mountains, across rivers without bridges, and so on till you enter Pisa. Here your coachman cracks his whip, and drives at a furious rate, crossing the river Arno by a stone or marble bridge. The rumbling of the carriage, and the jingling of the bells on the horses, are quite astounding; and when it is known that *Milord Inglese* is driving to the sign of the 'Hussar,' he has a dozen fellows following him, keeping up with the speed of a four-horse drive.

From Genoa to Florence, I had two companions, who, with myself, formed the party occupying a fine carriage with four excellent horses. At a place on the road called Rappello, we had very good beds, but unhappily tenanted, and the mosquitoes too buzzed about; and

although I had a mosquito curtain, I could not sleep for the other vermin. At last, my head fell on the pillow from sheer weariness, and I slept soundly until morning, when I found Mr. Le Mesurier stung all over by mosquitoes, so that I was afraid he had got the measles. For my part I did not feel these disagreeable tormentors till I came to Florence; but at this moment I am covered with red spots, like the chicken-pox. At the Galleries to which I go, I generally observe the English visitors with their foreheads pimpled by this insect. However, I can bear this tolerably well; but I must tell you it is quite disgusting to see the people, even the finest ladies, as coolly spit upon the carpet, should there be one, as if they were using a perfume bottle. By the by, carpets are uncommon here. Those that are used are made of list of different colours, which form the weft into stripes so irregular that, when the seams are made, the colours are all different, white joined to black, and red to blue, and so on. There is no such thing as paper for rooms. They are all either painted with landscapes, figures, and ornaments, or in the best houses

hung with rich figured silk damask, which looks beautiful. Their beds have no poles, and the tester hangs from the ceiling. There are few fire-places, although I am told that in winter it is colder than in England. Amongst other wants to the comforts of the houses here, are the bells. You have to call to the servants by name if you want one.

I will write you from Rome, as I expect letters from you there. As there are no letter-carriers here, you may as well direct your letters, William Bewick, Esq., *Poste Restante*, Rome. My travelling companion to Rome is an old but respectable priest, and an acquaintance of Dr. Gradwell's, to whom I have a letter of introduction from Mr. Hogarth. The ladies here dress well, exactly like the English, even to the rainbow ribbons. They generally have fine figures, and walk gracefully, and with dignity. They are, I think, rather tall and full grown, and tie themselves very tight at the waist. They are not pretty, but have expressive countenances. Their eyes are large, black, and languid, with long black eyelashes; and they stare very much at a new-comer. I

have been told, by an English lady here, that they are very fond of Englishmen, but not of Englishwomen. Compliments to Mr. Smith and family, Dr. Burn, Mr. Graham, and Mr. Botcherby.

Mind you tell me how you are! and all news; write upon thin paper, as the postage is according to its weight. I will write to Mr. Smith from Rome. It will be about five weeks before I get an answer to this letter at Rome.

Affectionately yours,

W. BEWICK.

From Florence, Sept. 15th, 1826.

In reference to the artist's remarks on the manners of the Florentine ladies, it may be observed that, although they were no doubt perfectly true at the time they were written, they are no longer applicable to Italian ladies, either of Florence, or of any other city of the Peninsula.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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